

THE FAVORITE

VOL. I.—No. 8.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

PRICE { FIVE CENTS,
OR SIX CENTS, U. S. C.



MR. FOWLER GETS ARRESTED.

For the Favorite.

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT IV.

ON THE TRACK.

SCENE II.

MR. FOWLER GETS DRUNK.

Time, September tenth, eighteen hundred and seventy; place, Mrs. Grub's boarding-house in St. Urbain Street.

Mr. Augustus Fowler, commonly known as "Gus," stood before the cracked looking-glass in his room in St. Urbain Street, endeavoring to arrange his neck-tie to his entire satisfaction; and at last, after fifteen minutes of hard labor and great loss of patience, he found he had so

crumpled and soiled the delicate white muslin cravat he had intended to wear, that he was forced to abandon the idea of using it, and content himself with a black "butterfly" which had seen some service, but which possessed the advantage of having only to be hooked on to his collar button.

You may laugh, if you please to, at Mr. Fowler for his clumsiness, but I tell you there is more in tying a neck-tie than is generally supposed. A neck-tie *per se* is generally an amiable and well-disposed article of dress to manage, that is when a man don't care much whether it ties or not; a dexterous twist of the wrists, a skilful use of the thumbs and fore-fingers, and it falls into its place at once; but, make a combination of love and a neck-tie, and the tie immediately becomes a fierce and untamable monster, obstinately refusing to be managed on any terms, and slipping, twisting, crumpling, and getting dirty in a most extraordinary manner.

Mr. Fowler was in love, and—mind this is a secret—he was going to see his girl. Is it any wonder then that it took him so long to arrange his neck-tie to his satisfaction; first it refused to go under the collar at all, and, slipping from his hand, fell on the floor, where he put his foot on it and soiled one end; then it twisted itself inside out and showed the seam in front, which necessitated his untying it after he had accomplished what he considered a most successful bow.

It was a wonderful tie for getting up under

the left ear; you may have noticed that ties seem to have a weakness for getting under one ear, and that there is a great partiality shown for the left ear; but this tie of Fowler's was as much in love with his left ear as he, Fowler, was with Bessie Sudlow, and persisted in getting up under it so often that by the time he had finished trying to pull it straight for the hundredth time, the tie was finished too, and, having lost all shape and semblance of a well-made cravat, appeared only as a limp, crumpled, dirty piece of muslin, which Mr. Fowler discarded, and adopted the "butterfly," which, being of gentle disposition, was more easily managed.

It was half-past seven, and Mr. Fowler had to hurry or run the dreadful risk of being late, and so receive Miss Bessie's reproaches; he therefore endeavored to complete the remainder of his toilette as speedily as possible.

His hair did not take him over five minutes; it had been cut, and shampooed, and oiled, and brushed, and curled, and puffed up to the last point of excretion only half-an-hour before by one of the St. Lawrence Hall barbers, and Mr. Fowler had not intended to touch it at all; but, in putting on a clean shirt, which he found absolutely necessary, although extremely careful, he had an accident; his collar button caught in the puff over the left ear, entirely demolishing it, and destroying at one fell tug the work which it had taken a painstaking barber nearly five minutes to accomplish. Mr. Fowler did not exactly swear, but he gave vent to a guttu-

ral expression which sounded something like an oath, and, as he tried again and again to restore that puff over the left ear to something like its pristine splendor, he gave vent to various expressions of impatience which did not sound altogether like blessings.

At last the puff over the left ear was settled to his satisfaction; his neck-tie remained firm and well arranged under his collar; his nether habiliments hung gracefully to his heels; his shirt-front presented an unruffled space of white linen, starched to the last degree of stiffness, and ornamented with three small gold studs, and he had nothing to do but to put on his vest and coat and be ready to start.

Nothing else to do? Mr. Fowler remembered, with a sudden start, and a cold feeling down the back, that he did have something else to do, and that something very important, and he looked down at his slippered feet with a sigh.

He had forgotten to put on his boots.

Now putting on a pair of boots, especially old, well-worn ones, is not a difficult or dangerous task; but, struggling into a brand new pair of patent leathers—made tight in the leg to suit the close-fitting trowsers—is a very different thing, and Mr. Fowler fully recognised the fact as he gazed at the brightly shining foot covers calmly reposing under the table, and despairingly contemplated the probable consequences to the stiffly-starched shirt-front, or the possibility of bursting a button off his pantaloons, or of totally annihilating his shirt-collar.

There was no help for it; he must get them on; he could not go in his slippers, and his old boots were too far advanced into the "sere and yellow" to be seen in company with the gorgeous apparel which he had provided especially for this occasion; he, therefore, sat with a sigh of resignation on the edge of a chair and tried to persuade the new-comers to go on easy.

He tried the right boot first—somehow men generally do try the right boot first—and it went on beautifully; one strong steady pull, a slight wriggling of the toes, a light tap of the heel, and it was on. Mr. Fowler felt so elated at his success that he rose and walked a few steps about the room in the one boot and a slipper to see how it went. It went well; and he re-seated himself with a satisfied air to try the left boot.

When accidents happen, they usually occur with the left boot, and so it was with Mr. Fowler; just in proportion as the right boot had gone on easy, so the left boot seemed determined to have a struggle for it before yielding and allowing itself to be walked in as any respectable boot ought to do. First there was a decided misunderstanding between the heel and the instep; both wanted to go down together—the heel having a little the worst of it, which resulted in a dead-lock, and no amount of wriggling and steady pulling could persuade that boot to budge; then Mr. Fowler discovered that the boot was twisted a little, and he had to take it off and put it on straight; then the toes got bent under the sock, which had become a little damp with the perspiration superinduced by the exertion of the first encounter, stuck to the lining of the boot, and another dead-lock ensued.

A good five minutes had been spent; the hands of the clock pointed to five minutes to eight, and Mr. Fowler very nearly swore as he pulled off the refractory boot for the second time; he rose and, going to the dressing-table, took up a box of powdered chalk, and poured a portion of its contents into the boot, giving it a good shake to make the powder spread.

"I'll get you on this time," he muttered, "or I'll know why."

He knew why right off. Seating himself on the edge of the chair, he elevated his foot, inserted it into the boot, and, after gently working it well down, gave "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," firmly determined to get it on then or never. But, alas for the vanity of human expectations! While the foot was at its greatest altitude, while the pull was at its maximum strength, and the boot at its severest point of resistance, "crack, crack," went both straps, and Mr. Fowler, totally unprepared for so unforeseen a catastrophe, fell backward over the chair, and rolled ignominiously on the floor, to the serious disarrangement of the stiff shirt-front, and very nearly causing a dislocation of the collar button.

Then he did swear. There was no doubt at all about it this time; he gave vent to an expression which ought to have convinced any right-minded boot that it ought to go on; but no, that obstinate boot was beyond control, and could not be by any means persuaded to do its duty, and so, after one more ineffectual trial, Mr. Fowler was forced to give up the contest. Mournfully he pulled off the right boot, which had behaved so well; spitefully he kicked away the left boot, which had behaved so badly; and with a sad, but resigned smile put on the old boots which he had so scornfully rejected a few minutes before.

The boots were old; they were slightly torn, and they needed cleaning; but there was no help for it, he must wear them or nothing, so he wisely determined to submit to circumstances and don his old friends, mentally resolving, however, that he would keep his feet as much under the sofa as possible, or hide them behind the friendly shade of Bessie's dress if he was permitted to sit sufficiently close to her.

But they needed cleaning. That fault was quickly remedied, and in a short time he had them shining like mirrors. He pulled them on, placed his feet together and gazed at them with something like a smile of satisfaction; they did not look so bad after all; it was wonderful how a good dose of blacking and a little skilful brushing had improved their personal appearance. Ah! there was one flaw he discovered; the right toe had been missed; it did not shine with the refulgent brightness of the surrounding leather; he elevated his foot on the edge of the chair, stooped over, brush in hand, to rectify the omission, and—oh! luckless Fowler!—in that fatal moment the sole button by which his braces were fastened behind gave way with a loud snap, and he could feel his trousers give a sudden start towards his knees.

Here was a terrible position; he could not go out without braces, his trousers would not keep up without them; it was too late to think of taking them off and sewing on a button, it would take too much time, so there was nothing left to do but to go down stairs to the servant-girl, and meekly request her to pin him up, which she obligingly consented to do, and accomplished the task after having only twice run the pin into his back.

Poor Fowler! his misfortunes had been great and he was not in a very sweet or serene mood when he finally lit a cigarette—a cigar would have taken too long to smoke—and, after putting a few cloves in his pocket, started for Miss Sudlow's residence.

Miss Bessie Sudlow, the object of Mr. Fowler's adoration, was a fair-haired little creature of sixteen with whom he had managed to get ac-

quainted during her walks to and from school. She lived with her mother and aunt in a small, two-story house in St. Dominique street. The house had a high stoop, and the few square feet of ground in front of it were enclosed by a low picket fence. Mr. Fowler had succeeded in gaining an introduction to Mrs. Sudlow, but that lady thought Miss Bessie altogether too young to think of having a lover and Mr. Fowler's visits were discontinued.

He had not seen Miss Bessie for several days, and dared not call at the house to inquire for her; it was, therefore, with most pleasurable surprise that he had opened a delicate little envelope, which smelled strongly of musk and was ornamented with a very fat little boy without any clothes, thoughtlessly pointing a headless arrow at nothing, and read the following note:

"DEAR GUS:—I have been sick for three days; mother and auntie are going out to spend the evening, and Chloe will have to go to market, so I shall be alone until about half-past nine. Come up if you can. The gas is very bad, and the parlor is almost dark at nights, come up, won't you?"

BESSIE.

It was nearly half-past eight when Mr. Fowler reached the house where his loved one dwelt; as he got near to it he threw away the remnant of his cigarette, hastily took a couple of cloves from his pocket, chewed them up a bit and swallowed them. He then smoothed down his shirt front as much as his rumpled condition would permit of, straightened his tie, gave a final pull at his collar to see that it was all right, ran his fingers lightly over that left puff to be sure it had not got out of place, tugged at his vest to make it lie smooth, gave himself a sort of a shake to be perfectly certain that everything was all right, and then rang the bell.

There was the tripping of light footsteps in the hall; the slight rustle of a dress; a faint suspicion of patchouli floating through the key-hole, and then the latch was raised and—

Well, the door didn't open. There was a slight sound of impatience on the inside of the door; a strong tug to open it—the door didn't seem to mind that;—and then there was a curious settling sound, as if some one adorned with copious crinoline had suddenly sat down; then came another rustling movement as if the same crinoline was getting up again, and at last a soft voice said,

"Is that you, Gus?"

"Yes, darling," Mr. Fowler used the word darling because he felt confident he could not be overheard, and he also gained a little additional assurance from the fact of a two inch door interposing between him and the person he thus ventured to address. He had thought several times that he would like to call Bessie "darling," but, somehow when the proper moment for using the term arrived, he had always lost courage and had substituted some other word not quite as affectionate; but now, thanks to the interposing door he had gained courage enough to use the term, and he felt as if he had accomplished something, and mentally determined to try to use it again when there was no interposing door and it might lead to happier results.

"Oh dear!" said the voice on the other side of the door, "the door is locked!"

"Unlock it, darling," promptly replied Mr. Fowler, now fully making up his mind to use that term of endearment and no other.

"But I can't, Gus, the key is gone."

"D—n it," ejaculated Mr. Fowler; this word sounded a little, a very little, like "darling" through the key-hole, and Miss Bessie thought it was, but the more enlightened reader knows it wasn't.

"Oh, Gus," she said, "what shall I do; that old fool Chloe has locked me in and carried away the key. I cannot open the door."

"I can't crawl through the key-hole, darling," said Mr. Fowler with a desperate attempt at gaiety, but feeling that if Chloe had been present in the flesh, and he had a good big pocket knife, he would have liked to cut her up into small pieces and introduce her in detail into the aforesaid orifice.

"No, Gus," said Miss Bessie, "but—but—don't you think—perhaps—couldn't you try—that is, the window isn't very high, you know?"

"Of course it isn't," said Mr. Fowler, as the idea suddenly dawned on him. "I've climbed higher places before now."

"Then wait a minute until I open it, and you can get in that way."

There was another gentle rustle of crinoline, and the soft tripping of little feet, and Mr. Fowler gave a slight hitch to his trousers, just as sailors are popularly supposed to be constantly doing, and prepared to climb up through the window.

I have said that there was a low picket fence enclosing the few feet of ground in front of the house, and against this Mr. Fowler leaned in the most picturesque attitude he knew how to assume, until the window opened and Miss Bessie appeared.

How beautiful she looked in the dim, shadowy light with her golden hair framing her pure, girlish face all aglow with excitement, and the dim gas light—it was bad as she had said—throwing a faint beam of brightness over her. Very beautiful she looked, and very deeply in love Mr. Fowler felt, and he determined to exhibit his prowess before his lady love, as gallant knights of old were wont to do before theirs.

I have said that the picket fence was low, in fact it was about two feet and a half high, and as Mr. Fowler's left hand rested on the top he thought he would exhibit his powers as a

gymnast—he was a pretty good one too—and so he made a slight spring and vaulted lightly over it.

Oh, poor misguided Fowler! what made you change color so violently, and place your hand so suddenly behind you, as you alighted on the little grass plot? That treacherous pin had given way, his braces were again unfastened and his trousers in eminent danger of sagging down uncomfortably. There was no friendly servant maid at hand now; no way to repair the terrible damage, and he could only look up at the beautiful vision above him and sigh.

The window was about eight feet high, and Fowler could have easily sprung up so as to grasp the window sill and swing himself into the room; but, "what would be the consequences?" He shuddered as he thought what they might be, and he stretched his hand up, as if to test the distance, and said sadly,

"It's too high."

"Can't you jump, Gus?" asked Miss Bessie, who was rather hurt at her lover's apparent apathy. "I thought you could jump ever so high."

"I could," said Mr. Fowler sadly, "but—but I've sprained my," braces, he was going to say, but added, "ankle."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Miss Bessie leaning down towards him, and looking more like an angel than ever, he thought, "does it hurt you much?"

"No—yes—that is, not a great deal."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Bessie again, sympathetically, then, suddenly, "Oh, Gus! I've a splendid idea; I'll get the step ladder Chloe uses to hang the clothes up and then you can get up without any trouble. Wait a moment and I will bring it."

The beautiful vision, as Mr. Fowler called it, disappeared, and he occupied the few spare minutes before her return in endeavoring to find the remnants of that treacherous pin, so that he might make some kind of temporary repairs, if possible; but no, no trace of the pin could be found, and he could only give an extra hitch or two to his trousers, and await Miss Bessie's return.

She soon came, and tears almost stood in her bright little eyes as she said,

"I declare it's too bad, Gus, that hateful old Chloe has locked the door at the bottom of the stairs leading to the kitchen, and I cannot get the steps to help you up; I'm so sorry."

She leaned far out of the window, and he drew himself together as if for one desperate spring, for one moment he hesitated, then prudence prevailed over rashness and he contented himself with reaching up to her and trying to take her hand. She held it down provokingly near him and he seized the plump little palm in his and gently squeezed it. The pressure was returned; he could swear it was, and he raised himself yet a little higher that he might press the dainty little fingers to his lips; his head was thrown back and his gaze fixed on the radiant face which glowed less than two feet above him; one more effort and he could reach her hand; his throat was swelling with the strain of stretching so much, but with a strong effort he raised himself a couple of inches, his lips were pressed to her fingers, he was drinking in sweet draughts of loving consent from her eyes when—"crack" went that faithless collar button, his "butterfly" fell to the earth, both ends of his collar started up under his ears, and he dropped to the ground thoroughly disheartened and discouraged.

Miss Bessie, who did not know the misfortune which had happened to him, was surprised at his letting go of her hand so suddenly, but she said nothing; she was just beginning to remember that it was not very proper to have a young man standing under the window kissing her hand, and that some of the neighbors might see it and report the fact to her mother, so she said,

"Gus, it's no use my keeping you standing there, you can't get in, that's evident, and it is after nine now and Chloe might come back at any minute, so I had better say good night. I shall be going to school on Monday, and, if you like, I will meet you after school is over, at the old place, and we will go to Alexander's and have some cream."

Of course Mr. Fowler could make no response to this but "yes;" he had not courage enough now to add "darling," his two misfortunes coming on so suddenly on him had rather dispirited him, and he climbed over the fence—he did not dare to jump this time—in a rather lazy, careless manner. He stood for a moment sadly on the sidewalk, half-irresolute which way to turn, and then fell on his ear a soft, silvery voice, saying gently:

"Good-bye until Monday, Gus dear."

How sweetly that word of endearment slipped from her ruby lips, and how delightful it sounded to the enchanted Mr. Fowler; his heart gave a great bound and he very nearly scaled the fence and made a jump at the window to steal a kiss from the sweet ruby lips which had uttered that fond word; but, prudence forbade, and he merely threw back his head and kissed his hand to her, saying gaily;

"Good night, darling."

Ah, luckless Fowler, his evil genius was pressing him hard to-night, for as he threw back his head the action made the loose end of his collar fly up and strike him in the eye which caused him to turn weeping away.

Mr. Fowler wended his way slowly and sadly down St. Dominique street; he chose the darker and least frequented side of the street—

altho' both sides are dark enough, for that matter—and kept well in the shade of the houses

with his coat collar pulled up about his throat. He walked pensively down as far as Craig street and took a short cut across the Champde Mars steering as directly as possible for the Richelieu Hotel. Arrived there he enlisted the good services of the urbane bar-keeper, Isidore, and with his aid and assistance got himself pretty securely pinned up—two pins, crosswise, in the braces this time.

Then Mr. Fowler thought he would take a drink; having taken it, he concluded he wanted a smoke, took a cigar and sat down to enjoy it; after a little while he concluded he would take another drink and did so.

I am afraid Mr. Fowler's disturbed and uneasy state of mind had rather interfered with his usual steady and sober habits, for, on the entrance of some acquaintances he insisted upon standing drinks round on the ground that he was "just going to have one." After that one others followed, and when Mr. Fowler left, in company with his friends, about ten o'clock, he was very doubtful whether there was only one St. Vincent street for him to walk up or two; if he shut one eye and took a good square look he could only see one; but, every time he looked with both eyes he could see two, and one of them seemed to be performing a slow waltz around the other; which was moving and which was standing still he could not quite determine, any more than he could made up his mind which was the nearest way home for him to take, the one that moved or the one that stood still.

It was very puzzling to settle this question, and Mr. Fowler leaned up against the house so that he might think about it at his leisure; what bothered him most was when he shut the left eye and saw one street standing still, it would begin to move as soon as he opened the right eye; but if he looked with the right eye he could see a stationary street which immediately began moving when he opened the left eye; that was what he could not settle to his satisfaction, whether it was the street he saw with his right eye that was moving, or whether it was the one he saw with his left, and so he leaned against the wall to think about it.

He was not, however, permitted to remain there long for, one of his companions who was sober, took him by the arm and pulled him forward.

"Come on, Gus, old boy," he said. "I had no idea you were so bad as this."

"Tshall rite," replied Mr. Fowler, "I'm perfectly sober; on' I cou'nd tell which street to go'p."

"What on earth have you been drinking to get you so tight in such a hurry. I never saw you so before. What did you drink?"

"Braces," replied Mr. Fowler, sententiously.

"What?"

"An' collar but'n."

"I think you must be going mad," replied his companion. "Here boys," to the others, "call a cab and let us take him home."

A cab was speedily brought and Mr. Fowler and his companions got in. Mr. Fowler recovered quite as rapidly as he had been attacked. His drunkenness seemed to be of that evanescent kind which will partially prostrate a man for a few minutes, but rapidly passes away. By the time the cab reached Place D'Armes Hill he was more than half-sober, and protested against going home in such plausible terms that his companions, thinking he was all right agreed to his proposal to go down to Freeman's and have some oysters.

After oysters—and a few glasses of "half-and-half" to prevent the oysters disagreeing with them—a game of billiards was proposed and the four adjourned to Chadwick's where they got a private room and enjoyed a quiet game for about an hour.

It must not be supposed that these games were played dry; on the contrary they were wet games, that is to say the losers of each game had to pay for drinks, there were not many drinks, because there were not many games; but, Mr. Fowler conceived a passionate desire for brandy cock-tails, and not content with the regular drinks on each game indulged in several "drinks between drinks," which tended to make his playing rather peculiar.

Wonderful billiards did Mr. Fowler play, and marvellous were the shots he made. The principal difficulty seemed to be that he saw too many balls on the table; he never saw less than seven or eight, unless he shut one eye and then he invariably missed, and the extraordinary manner in which the balls amazed him about the table without hitting each other greatly surprised him. Still he was not discouraged, and, altho' he seldom made a shot, and rarely struck anything but the cushion, he was hopeful and confident to the last, and felt fully persuaded that when he "got his hand in" he could do wonders.

But altho' he could do nothing with the balls he did wonders with the chalk; every time he missed a stroke he chalked his cue; not content with chalking the tip he covered it half way up its length with a thick coat of chalk; he chalked the butt; he chalked his hand clear up to his wrist; he chalked the cushion every time he had to rest his hand on it; he chalked the bridge whenever he had to use it; he chalked his trousers and his nose, and once, in a fit of partial abstraction, he meditatively began chalking his head until he had introduced a large premature patch of grey hairs.

Still he wasn't drunk. Oh, dear no! He said he wasn't, and he ought to know. He kept his legs well, however, walked about all right, and talked pretty reasonably; his face was very much flushed, and his eyes looked as if they had been boiled and had not got thoroughly

cooked, but he behaved quietly and orderly, much more so than some sober men do.

About eleven the party left Chadwick's and went down to the St. James, where they had a parting drink, Mr. Fowler avowing his intention of going to St. Urbain Street, and his companions starting for their boarding-house in University Street.

I don't think Mr. Fowler could have gone directly home, for it was nearly twelve o'clock when he found himself opposite the Bank of Montreal; he could still walk a little, but in a very uncertain and wobbling sort of way. The sidewalk in front of the Bank must decidedly have been too narrow, for, although there was no one else near him at the time, Mr. Fowler could not find room to pass the lamp-post, and so ran against it.

"Skuze me, o' fel'w; didden shee'r."

He leaned up against it, and feeling one of the projecting ornaments, took hold of it and shook it warmly.

"'S hall rite, o' fel'w; 'il shee'r home, nev' par."

He passed his arm affectionately around the post, and leaned his head against it; his hat fell off, but he did not notice it, and in a few seconds he was more than half-asleep.

"Look a here, young fellar," said a loud, authoritative voice in his ear, "this 'ere won't do. What's the matter with you?" and a blue-coated limb of the law laid his hand on his shoulder and gave him a shake.

"To hall rite, p'lesman; my fr'n 'il take m' home."

"Will he; well I think not; I'll just run you in and leave you where you'll be well taken care of; so come along, young fellar, and no nonsense with you;" and to show his earnestness in his intention of "running him in," he took Mr. Fowler by the arm and turned his steps towards the Central Station. But it was no use; tired and outraged nature could stand it no longer, and before he had got him fairly across the street, Mr. Fowler was fast asleep and fell heavily on the sidewalk. Fortunately he did not hurt himself, and the policeman, calling a cab, put him into it and took him down to the Central Station, where he was placed in one of the cells in a state of unconsciousness.

Mr. Fowler did not awake from his drunken sleep until about six o'clock in the morning. He had not passed a very quiet or agreeable night; he had slept, but that sleep had been greatly disturbed by dreams which were partially realities. He dreamt that he was chained down to a bed of ice, while legions of fierce and terrible-looking monsters galloped over him, and he was powerless to resist their constant attacks. Monstrously hideous shapes, with long, clammy, sticky legs, seemed to crawl with sickening slowness over his face, nibbling at his lips and eyes, and scratching with malignant pleasure the end of his nose. Curious fantastic visions of monster rats, with huge glittering white teeth, and tails of prodigious length and thickness, passed before him. Squeaks of surpassing loudness and shrillness were ringing in his ears, and the dull, rusty creaking of gigantic portals ever and anon crashed upon his brain. W d shrieks, and cries, and ribald laughter, and profane words seemed to ring perpetually in the air; the low wail of sorrow, the wild outburst of frenzy, the piteous pleading of maddened drunkenness were heard over and over by him. A dim chaos of sound appeared to be rolling constantly through his mind, and slowly moulding itself into definite shape. He slept; but it was the troubled, disordered sleep of the drunkard, which racks and wrenches the brain with frightful visions, and leaves him in the morning with tired, aching limbs, and a dull, heavy head with sharp shooting pains darting through it.

It was still quite dark in the close, fetid cell when Mr. Fowler awoke and tried to collect his scattered senses sufficiently to tell where he was. The horrors of his dream were partially realised, for there were ancient and wise looking rats prospecting about the bodies of the recumbent figures on the damp floor, and regiments, squadrons, brigades and armies of cockroaches were performing their evolutions along the floor, the walls, the sleepers and the ceiling; the atmosphere was heavy with the fumes of stale liquor and still staler tobacco, and it seemed as if a combination of every known and unknown stench pervaded the place.

There was about a dozen inmates of the cell beside Mr. Fowler, and they were for the most part lying on the floor in all sorts of uncomfortable positions just as they had fallen when first brought in; some laid on their back with arms and legs extended, mouths open and stentorian breathing denoting that they had not yet recovered from their drunken sleep; others were crouched into small heaps, head down, looking as if dead, one or two were awake and standing at the barred door trying to induce the turnkey to procure them some coffee. One man was sitting in a corner of the cell mumbling over something to himself, and as Mr. Fowler rose to approach the door he struck this man with his foot.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said politely, "it was quite accidental I assure you; but this place is so crowded there is scarcely room to move without striking someone."

"All right," replied the man, "that's enough, you're a gentleman I can see, and as I'm a perfect gentleman myself I can't expect anything more than an apology from another gentleman."

The man rose and approached the door at the same time as Fowler, and they enquired together if they could be allowed to bail themselves out.

Mr. Harway (for, of course, it was him) ap-

peared greatly relieved when told that his bail would be two dollars and a half, and still more so when informed that four dollars and a half had been found on him when he was picked up drunk on Notre Dame street.

"All right, Doc," he muttered, "I'll give you the slip yet; your detectives can't arrive before half-past nine, and by that time I shall be well on my way to New York." He stood near the door while Mr. Fowler made inquiry about his case and overheard what was said.

Mr. Fowler's case was very simple, two dollars and a half was required for bail and he was free to go. But here a difficulty arose; Mr. Fowler didn't happen to have two dollars and a half, and he inquired whether he could send for a friend. The turnkey replied that he could do so, and, after some delay brought a small boy who in consideration of a promised quarter agreed to go to Mrs. Grub's and inform Mr. Farron of the unpleasant condition his roommate was in.

While Mr. Fowler had been talking to the turnkey, Mr. Harway had been observing him attentively; and when the boy had been dispatched he turned to Fowler and said:

"Excuse me, sir, I'm a perfect gentleman, and I mean no offence, but ain't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Very likely," replied Mr. Fowler, good-humoredly. "I'm pretty well known in Montreal."

"I'm blessed!" exclaimed Mr. Harway, as a sudden light seemed to break in on him. "I'm blessed if you ain't the gentleman that was so anxious to break the little game of faro I had at the last races. You shouldn't play so reckless, sir, or you'll lose your money."

"I'm pretty sure to lose it playing with you," rejoined Mr. Fowler, turning away; but Mr. Harway put his hand on his arm and detained him.

"Excuse me, sir, but you were with Mr. Morton that day, wasn't you?"

"Yes."

"He's a great friend of yours, ain't he?"

"Yes; Is that any of your business?"

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Mr. Harway, with emphasis; "I'm blessed if this ain't the queerest go I ever heard of. Now, Doc, my boy, I'll be square with you before night. I couldn't afford to stay in the city long enough to do it myself, but I'll fix you now, never fear. Come here a minute, if you please, sir," he continued to Fowler; "I have something of importance to tell you which concerns your friend, Mr. Morton. I'm a perfect gentleman, and I never tell a lie when the truth will do as well, so you can believe every word I say."

The two men sat down together, and before Mr. Farron had arrived Mr. Harway had related all he knew about Dr. Griffith to the astonished Mr. Fowler.

"I don't suppose I shall make anything out of this job now," said Mr. Harway, in conclusion; "but I promised the Doc. I'd get square with him for that kick last night, and I'm a perfect gentleman, and always keep my word when it don't pay better to break it."

(To be continued.)

THE BRIDGE OF NEUILLY.

BY EDWARD KING.

"The Avenue of the Grand Army!" How like a satire it sounds,—the sonorous name of the glittering street which runs from the Triumphal Arch to the Porte Maillot, in Paris,—how like a sneer! For there is no grand army now, and the very limbs of the great figure of "Departure" on the Arch seem nerveless. Lullaby can now count a disgrace, a defeat for every fête-day, and her anniversaries are filled with mourning.

The Maillot Gate is the outlet in the fortifications for the "Avenue of the Grand Army," which, as it wanders over the Seine on the massive stone bridge not far from the walls, becomes the "Avenue of Neuilly." From the Triumphal Arch you can see as far as Courbevoie—nearly three miles in a straight line—a hard, white road, bordered two-thirds of the way by elegant houses. Neuilly is a suburb much affected by the Parisians, because the flavor of the great city is there combined with a few rustic charms, and it cost them a hard struggle to come inside the walls, and leave their pleasant mansions, when the siege began. High up on Courbevoie's hill stands a pedestal, formerly occupied by a bronze statue of Napoleon the Great. As you look from the Triumphal Arch this pedestal stands out, black, against the horizon, a land-mark for miles around. And it became a very notable land-mark to us in Paris in Commune-time, for around it and just beyond it were planted many of the batteries which were engaged in shelling the Maillot Gate, the Avenue of the Grand Army, and the Triumphal Arch.

The Communists, had made very ample preparations against the enemy on all that side of Paris toward the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, and Versailles. The great gates were doubly and triply barred, and the bastions were thoroughly manned by the uncouth but resolute soldiery. In the clear crystal weather of April, thousands upon thousands of people poured out of the great avenues of the city to see the fight, and to watch, from carriages posted on convenient eminences, the bombardment of the forts in the distance. America was amply represented every day, and the fair daughters of Gotham, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco often braved

danger for the sake of recounting adventures over dinner in the evening.

The old bridge of Neuilly was the scene of many a bloody combat during the Communal sway. The adventurous scout was daily stricken down there, but no record was made of his death in the official journal. It will be impossible ever to estimate the losses at this dread point. Dombrowski, the rebel general, handsome, light of foot, and fearless, sauntered very near to the dreary belt of waste country which led to the bridge on the Parisian side many times by day and night, and walked unharmed among seemingly deadliest rain of shells and bullets. At night the Versailles batteries always kept up a tremendous rain upon the bridge, fearful lest some attempt to take it might be successful. The weary watchers at the gates were often hurried into fragments by the sudden arrival of a huge death-messenger, and their mangled and dismembered corpses were found heaped upon the ramparts or strewn in the ditches in the morning. A poor woman arrived one noon with her husband's dinner-pail. "He will need it no longer, citoyenne," said a sergeant; and, as she stooped above the corpse of her dearest, a shell splinter carried away one of her arms and opened a ghastly seam in her face. Two marines were firing a long-range cannon at the batteries around Courbevoie one bright day. One man was blown away from his post; the other, sailor-like, leaped on the gun, and defied with rude gestures the far-off enemy. Presently a well-directed shot killed him also. Two more marines took the dead man's duty, and the fight went on as sternly unyielding, as grimly, grotesquely terrible as before.

One fair April afternoon, when the Seine rippled in gleaming beauty past the great palaces and under the noble bridges out into fields which had put garments of loveliest green over their breasts, torn and wounded by the shock of contending armies,—when the long walks in the Champs Elysées were odorous with perfume from the thousand shrubs, and the great Arch rejoiced in the magnificent sunshine, there came a series of crashing detonations from the Courbevoie batteries, and from many others on the high table-lands, miles away, which indicated that a general attack had begun. It was not long after the desperate conflict over the bridge, in which Gen. Besson bit the dust, and hundreds of brave men in both armies went down in a few brief hours. On this occasion the attention of those Parisians who had no sympathy with the insurrection was arrested by the extraordinary activity at the Communist headquarters, and the signs of trepidation and alarm manifested. Members of the Commune hurried from the Hôtel de Ville, with their red sashes girt about them, and, perched awkwardly on their neighing and rearing steeds, hastened forward the battalions which came rapidly from the insurgent quarters. Dombrowski and his staff galloped thunderously through the Arch and away to the scene of action, the gallant young Poles in his train sitting their horses with the ease and grace of Indians, and casting not a look upon the eager citizens, questioning, "What is it? Are they attacking?" In less than an hour after the general bombardment of the Maillot Gate had begun, ten thousand people had gathered around the Triumphal Arch. The spring heat and glare were almost overpowering; but the ladies spread their parasols, and the gentlemen tied their handkerchiefs and newspapers over their hats, and waited; presently the Communal batteries began to speak out, and the echoes had hardly begun to reverberate before the crashing responses came from the "music-boxes of M. Thiers," as a lady near me called them. Shells occasionally struck very near the edge of this dense mass of gazers, and then there was an immense stampede, and shrieks from the feminine portion of the curious, semi-genteel mob.

Here was a crowd of Frenchmen and women watching, with no apparent feeling save that of amusement, the struggle between two factions of Frenchmen—struggle in which vast destruction of life and property was involved.—The women were impatient for the carnage to commence, and freely expressed their ideas on that subject. "That a battle?" cried one, "but we see no blood!" "No; but if Madame would only step down to the Maillot Gate she would see a great deal." Madame shrugged her pretty shoulders and gently declined.

With glasses we distinguished a sudden movement of batteries at Courbevoie, and almost instantaneously a fearful, thrilling, blood-chilling series of reports burst from the bastions and the gates of Paris on our side. Behind us we heard the rumble of approaching artillery, and in a few moments two Communal batteries whirled rapidly into two sections, and was away to the "front." Carriages were overturned, women and children screamed, and fractious horses ran away. An agile Parisian youth mounted upon the great bas-reliefs of the Triumphal Arch, and all at once cried out, "They are coming. I can see them driving in the Communists!" A terrible consternation followed. Shells began to fall thickly in the streets adjacent to the Arch, and Valérien opened a galling fire on many bastions which had hitherto been safe. The peculiar white smoke of battle hid everything in its impenetrable shroud. Before it cleared away the crowd was reduced by one-half. The ladies were not so anxious for the horrors of battle as before, and peeped timidly from their carriages at the corners of the Rue de Chaillot and other avenues at a safe distance from the Arch.

As the curtain lifted, it was evident that the situation had changed, and in favor of the Com-

munal troops this time. The Versailles batteries had retired, and there were ominous black patches here and there on the white road, which, when examined with a glass, proved to be men and horses slain or wounded. On the old bridge there were one or two dismounted cavalry-men madly trying to manage their horses and escape from the fire which the retreating Versailles kept up. The crowd around the Arch, grievously disappointed that the attack had not succeeded, moved away, growling or satirizing the insurgents, and scarcely noticing the trains of wounded which were brought toward the great ambulance near the Palace of Industry. Night soon came, and set its pall of darkness over all the perturbed town; and the citizens, in the cafés in mid-city, began to discuss with more than usual feeling the tremendous events which had that day occurred around the Bridge of Neuilly.

When the great day of armistice came, when the Versailles were compelled to give a breathing space, that the dead might be buried and the avenues cleared of the debris of battle, all the world and his wife flocked to see the dread spectacle. The town of Neuilly was dismantled, desolate, overwhelmed, thrown into primal chaos. Houses were torn into picturesque masses of ruin, in whose remains forlorn inhabitants were searching for the remnants of their household treasures. Heaps of dead men were lying in the cellars of certain deserted villas, and on some of the lifeless distorted features starvation was plainly marked. Over the old Bridge of Neuilly that day rolled many a wagon-load of supremest woe. The grand and final struggle for the possession of Paris was to commence, and Neuilly was the key of the situation. The armistice began early in the day, and thousands of wagons rolled out through the gates ere noontide had set in. Even after the bombardment had begun again, toward evening, and the thunders of the rebel forts awoke, the wagons, loaded with household goods and with half-starved fugitives, were hurrying forward, regaining the fortifications amid a rain of death-dealing missiles. Some people left the houses which for twenty days had been under fire to meet their death before they had reached the Maillot bastions. Towards eight o'clock in the evening the spectacle was thrilling and horrible. It was a vast mob, fleeing before a nameless and indefinable terror, yelling, praying, cursing, trampling each other in the dust, and crying out that the Communists had broken faith and opened fire before the appointed time. It was not until long past midnight that the sentinels at the gates were relieved of the laborious duty of searching the heavily-laden wagons, anxiously looking for spies or infernal machines. The Versailles troops had established their lines halfway between the Neuilly bridge and the batteries at Courbevoie, and were visited during the day by thousands of people who begged them to desist from the struggle and return to Versailles. But the lines maintained a sullen and dogged demeanor, and answered all entreaties with an imperative movement of the bayonet, which caused a very retreat. There were some very affecting incidents during the period of the armistice. One old man, who was removed from a species of infirmary where, in the care of suffering fellow-creatures, he had spent the better part of his life, screamed and fought furiously when the Communists came to remove him, and, although informed that it was done to save his life, refused to be carried away of his own will and preferred to remain and perish with his house. A little baby was found in the cellar of one of the mansions, tightly clasped in the arms of its mother. Both had been dead many days.

It was on the day that Dombrowski undertook his famous movement against the Versailles troops beyond the bridge at Neuilly that the following tragic incident occurred. A raw battalion of artisans from Belleville was stationed at a certain point not far from the bridge, and, under the unaccustomed rain of missiles, but illy held its ground. Dombrowski arrived, radiant, audacious as ever. He leaped from his horse and approached the barricade behind which the battalion was wavering. "You are afraid!" said he scornfully; "look at me—I am not fearful." And he mounted the barricade, although bullets were flying thick as hail around him. He took off his cap. "Give me a cup of wine," said he, "and I will drink confusion to the enemy." A tin cup filled with wine was brought, and at that very moment a shell splinter struck the wine-bearer, and laid him dying behind the barricade. Dombrowski leaped down and took the man in his arms. "We were not afraid, thou and I," he said, and the rough fellows around shed tears.

Finally, one clear day, the Versailles troops poured over the old Bridge of Neuilly, through the deserted Maillot Gate, and along the broad avenue toward the Triumphal Arch. The tricolor floated from the windows of the battered mansions; the gay hussars galloped noisily over the fallen barricades; and the dead men who so thickly strewed the waste ground near the bridge were hastily buried. There was slaughter at Neuilly; there was slaughter at the Maillot Gate; death and destruction everywhere; and the May breezes bore flame-breath and blood-scent to the nostrils of the incoming victors. Cannon were placed upon the old bridge, and stout artillerymen grinsly waited there the order to throw shells into the center of the subjugated city. Dombrowski had been at the bridge on the very morning of his defeat, and had despairingly admitted that the enemy would soon take the bridge, as his men would not arrange themselves according to his orders. And when the bridge is no longer ours, he said, Paris is lost to us!

LIFT A LITTLE.

Lift a little! lift a little!

Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To that heavy laden brother,
Who for weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a ponderous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! lift a little!

Effort gives one added strength;
That which staggers him when rising,
Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
Not his fault that he is feeble,
Not thy praise that thou art strong.
It is God makes lives to differ,
Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little! lift a little!

Many they who need thine aid;
Many lying on the roadside,
'Neath misfortune's dreary shade;
Pass not by like priest and Levite,
Heedless of thy fellow-man;
But, with heart and arms extended,
Be the good Samaritan.

LESTELLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND SHAMROCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

A LAST EFFORT TO REACH A SEARED CONSCIENCE.

When Mr. Paulton paid his promised visit to Lestelle, he was met by Miss Hill, whom he had hitherto contrived to avoid. She gave him the usual placid greeting, but the pleasure that used to flush her faded face was no longer visible.

"Lestelle has a headache, and I have persuaded her not to get up," she said, as she led the way into the drawing-room. "She bids me say she will have confidence in your promises."

"Tell her that she acts wisely. For my own sake, I shall not disappoint her expectations," he answered; and then there was an awkward pause, which neither seemed to know how to break.

"I have learned from her," Lestelle took courage at last to tell him, "that next Monday she will be your wife. God grant that you may act more generously to this poor girl than you have done to me!"

"My dear friend, I deserve the reproach," he replied. "Such invaluable services as you have rendered to your pupil have merited a higher reward than the salary you have received. I will place a couple of hundreds at Farquhar's to your account."

"Do you think, then, that money will compensate to me a wasted life?" she asked, indignantly. "Selfish and ungenerous man! Is this the way you propose to set my claims aside?"

"Claimis, Lestelle! If you have any against me, consult a lawyer, and I will abide by his arbitration."

Her lip curled scornfully. "You know that I cannot do this—that, in all the years you have led me to consider myself your plighted wife, you have carefully guarded against writing a word that would witness against you. In my blind confidence in your honor, I made excuses for this, as for everything else that pained me. I told myself that the love of money had grown upon you—that you hesitated to commit yourself until your tolls had placed you above all fear of want. I never thought that I was but the tool whom you were using to carry out your ambitious schemes."

"My dear Miss Hill, you are meeting hard measure to me," he exclaimed, in his most insinuating tones. "You know very well that in the early days of our acquaintance—ah, they were very happy ones, were they not?—I was too poor to marry. You concede this?"

"Not now," she replied, boldly. "I agreed with you at the time; for I had a horror of being a clog upon the man I loved. But, looking back, I feel that, had we been united, and breasted our difficulties together, you might not have been as rich as you are, but you would have been better and happier. For what are you living now? For a joyless home, where no loving face comes to greet you. When you have reaped the golden harvest for which you have been sowing with such care, will it be worth the pains it has cost you?"

Wyett Paulton opened his hands and then suddenly closed them, as if he clutched something within his palm, and then he slowly replied, "Yes, yes; I think so. The stake is worth the game. My dear Miss Hill, you are getting out of your depth when you try to gauge the magnitude of the speculations I have engaged in. I still feel that matrimony at the time to which we were alluding would have been madness."

"And now—now that your ambition is sufficiently satisfied, I, who have patiently waited to hear you ask me to share your competence, am forgotten."

"Not forgotten, dear friend; my gratitude for your services—"

Miss Hill impatiently checked him.

"Takes the form of ready money. Do you think I ought to suffer myself to be staved off in this manner?"

These pointed appeals were growing tiresome, and Mr. Paulton, whose conscience was seared and heart hardened by years of gold-worshipping, resolved to end them.

"My dear Miss Hill, you are a lady possessed of excellent common sense. Exert this, and you will perceive that we are no longer suited to each other. The wishes which were perfectly right and natural in Wyett, the Earl of Glenglaughton's valet, would be ridiculous if indulged in by a man who has risen considerably in society, and, if all goes well, will rise yet higher. You comprehend me?"

"Perfectly," was the curt reply.

"I was sure that a little consideration would bring you to my way of thinking. We must go with the world, my dear Lestelle; our best feelings must be sacrificed sometimes—"

Again Miss Hill lost patience.

"Oh, spare me such futile attempts to gloss over the plain facts of this matter. I am no longer young, and what little beauty I had has faded; neither am I unscrupulous enough to be a thorough helpmate to the astute Mr. Paulton. So let it be. I accept my destiny, but do not mock me with a pretence of regret, or proffer such a hollow friendship!"

"Nay, Lestelle,"—and now a touch of better feeling made itself heard;—"you must not think that I shall ever be indifferent to your welfare. Any plans you may form for your future I shall be most happy to assist you in carrying out."

Her voice was choked, as she replied, "Thanks; but I do not require any assistance. My aunt, who is now both aged and infirm, will be glad to let me share her home. I have promised to remain with Lestelle till after"—she could not bring herself to say "your marriage," so amended the sentence—"till after Monday, and then I shall leave London."

Mr. Paulton tried to slip a valuable ring on to her finger, as a "slight token of his regard," but the gift was quietly, firmly rejected, and, with a very slight touch of hands, they were parting, when Miss Hill rather abruptly said, "Where do you propose to live?—here, or in your own house at Tyburnia?"

"In my own house, decidedly. I have been at great trouble and expense in fitting it up with every convenience, whereas this place is small, and in bad taste. I shall let it."

"Will Lestelle approve of your decision?" asked Miss Hill, glancing round at the pretty, simple furniture and ornaments which the young mistress of the villa had treasured with a girlish pride, knowing that they had all been purchased by her own exertions.

Mr. Paulton shrugged his shoulders. It was evident that Lestelle's tastes and wishes would not be consulted but his own.

"A wife must live where her husband pleases."

"Is she not even to have the satisfaction of inspecting her future home, and suggesting any little alterations which may be necessary to render a bachelor's *ménage* fit for the reception of a lady?"

"I shall be most happy to show Lestelle over my house, and attend to any wish she may express," he answered, promptly. "I flatter myself, however, that it is already in perfect order. Lord Salsden, an authority on upholstery, assures me that it is fitted up in excellent taste. Does Lestelle herself wish this?"

"I don't know; but it is usual, is it not?" Miss Hill queried, carelessly.

"Ah, yes; and it would please me to show you all my arrangements. When will you bring her?—to-morrow? Yes, it must be to-morrow. And you will dine with me?"

"If Lestelle has no objection, neither have I; on the contrary, I should like to carry away with me some conception of what her new home will be like. We have been very happy here," she added, with such a deep sigh, that Mr. Paulton, who dreaded nothing more than sentiment, snatched up his hat.

"Till to-morrow, then, I must say adieu. You will not disappoint me? Thanks; and, once more, farewell."

Miss Hill stood with bent head and clasped hands, listening to his receding footsteps, till the door closed upon him, and then she looked up with all the grief and resentment she had curbed in his presence depicted on her features.

"He is merciless! Not one pang of regret for what he has made me suffer lurks in that cold, avaricious heart. Is it too late to teach him the forgotten lesson that the worm he crushes so relentlessly may be armed with a sting? Had I more courage—alas! if I had, I should not be the poor despised thing I am!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DINNER AT MR. PAULTON'S.

At first, Lestelle positively refused to go to Wyett Paulton's house on the morrow.

"Why should I?" she demanded. "Do you think I feel any desire to behold my prison? He would expect me to show some interest where I feel none."

"But I have told him that we will go; he will think it strange, and feel offended!" urged Miss Hill.

"Let him. What will it signify to me? Till Monday I am free, and prefer to avoid him."

But Miss Hill's heart was set on this visit, and she returned to the subject with a pertinacity that irritated Lestelle.

"Why do you press me to do this? Dear Lestelle, I cannot."

"I know it will be a painful effort, yet I entreat you to oblige me, and make it. I have reasons for wishing this, and it may be the last favor I shall ever ask from you."

"Then you intend to desert me as soon as I am married?" said Lestelle, sorrowfully.

"Dear child, Mr. Paulton would not care to have me an inmate of his house, even if my pride would permit me to accept his hospitality. Our separation is inevitable."

"I suppose so," was the hopeless reply. "After all, it is but one of the troubles that have closed around me. Sometimes I ask myself what I have done to be so isolated from love and friendship. Was it any fault of mine that my mother was a neglected and forsaken wife? Did I deserve the cruel usage I met with at the hands of Mrs. Price? or why should my efforts to support myself by my own abilities have led to such miserable results?"

"Dear Lestelle, how often must I remind you that the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Can you not take comfort from the knowledge that you are not to blame for what has happened. Remember too, what I have said. It is not yet too late to avert this marriage."

Lestelle's sunken orbs were raised to hers for a moment, as if to interrogate her meaning; but to expect succour from the inert Lestelle, who had never yet offered any resistance to Mr. Paulton's wishes, seemed ridiculous; and, with a sigh, she sank back into her former despondency.

"You will go to-morrow, Lestelle? To please me, say yes," and too spiritless to offer any further opposition, Lestelle consented.

Miss Hill dressed herself on this occasion with studied care. The plain, dark merino she generally wore was exchanged for a fashionable costume, with frills and flounces that filled up the angles of her spare figure. A little head-dress of lace and ribbon, of a shade of blue that harmonised with her complexion, concealed the streaks of gray that were to be seen in her brown hair, while a slight touch of rouge lent animation to her eyes, and made her look youthful even beside Lestelle, who moved languidly, and gave but the curtest replies to Mr. Paulton's gallant speeches. He was evidently struck with the appearance of Lestelle. Had she always looked as well, and dressed as tastefully, he might have felt reluctant to break with her; as it was, he paid her an unusual amount of attention; and it was for her more than for the silent Lestelle that he played the gracious host.

As he led them from room to room, pointing out the perfection of his arrangements, and proudly displaying his pictures and articles of vertu, it was Miss Hill who played the attentive listener, and praised the possessions so enthusiastically as to delight their easily flattered owner.

Much against Lestelle's will, they stayed to dine with him. Mr. Paulton was an epicure, and his French cook set before them a repast dainty and delicious enough to have satisfied the most exacting gourmand. It was wasted on his guests, whose tastes were of the simplest; and Miss Hill stifled a little scorn of the man who told with such zest of having outwitted a noble Marquis who meant to have secured the services of the clever *cuisinier*, though she listened with unflagging attention.

When this subject was exhausted, he talked with all the pomposity of a *nouveau riche* and the low cunning of a crafty, covetous man—of the bargains he had secured, and the schemes by which he had obtained his best pictures for incredibly low prices. Lestelle—a better judge of pictures than the would-be connoisseur, who talked so glibly of high art and pre-Raphaelism—secretly thought that in many cases he had been outwitted; but she held her peace, and heard all his arguments in favor of his Correggios without a dissenting word.

Presently Lestelle—who had taken no part in the conversation—started from a reverie, and rose. Mr. Paulton was on his feet directly, and, as he opened the door, begged that she would try the new piano in the drawing-room. A "semi-oblique," which I am assured is worth double the sum I gave for it. I shall join you by the time you have selected a few songs."

Lestelle passed on without replying. She did not care to exert her talent for his amusement; but a gesture from Miss Hill warned her not to offer any objections to his proposal.

Lestelle lingered behind her friend, and when Mr. Paulton turned towards her, she was standing at the sideboard, admiring some rare specimens of Bohemian glass.

"How beautiful these are!" she said, as he came towards her. "I commend you for using such deep-tinted, lily-shaped receptacles for your wine. Temperate though I am, I fancy I should like to sip some luscious yet sparkling vintage from the ruby-colored glasses that must lend an additional glow to their contents."

"Your wish must and shall be gratified," replied the flattered owner; "and you shall pledge me to my future happiness in a dainty liqueur that no lady would refuse—such as no cellar in England, beside my own, contains."

Lestelle laughed faintly.

"Pray do not ring for it; on so poor a judge as I am it would be wasted, though it were the nectar of the gods."

But Mr. Paulton persisted in carrying out his gallant intention, and the ruby-colored goblets were filled.

Miss Hill put her lips, which were white and quivering with emotion, to the glass he handed to her, and then silently gazed away. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled a little conceitedly, tossed off his own modicum of the luscious

fluid, and then threw himself back in his easy-chair, to discuss a cigarette before joining the ladies.

An hour slipped away, and found Lestelle still sitting alone in the gaily furnished drawing-room. She had opened the piano, and her fingers strayed idly over the keys, whilst her thoughts carried her back to those evenings when she crouched beneath Darcy Lesmere's window, a rapt listener to the gay melodies he played, or wept, she knew not why, when the notes took some sadder strain.

The touch of Miss Hill's hand on her shoulder started her out of her dreaming, and she became conscious that her friend was trembling excessively, whilst her hurried breathing and wild looks were proofs that something had seriously disturbed her.

"What is the matter, Lestelle? Are you ill?"

"No, no! Don't ask me any questions—at least, not now; but play something—anything. Here is a duet. Quick! he must not find us idle."

Though perplexed by her strange behaviour, Lestelle obeyed, and they were playing a lively set of quadrilles together when Mr. Paulton came into the room, his step unsteady, his voice thick, as though he had been indulging rather too freely since they had left him.

"Have I been long?" he asked, putting his hand to his temples.

"I don't know; we have been too busy to watch the flight of time," Miss Hill replied, with forced gaiety.

"My head is curiously confused," he said, staring at her, vacantly. "I think I must have been dozing; and yet I am not in the habit of sleeping after dinner."

"A cup of coffee will relieve you," exclaimed Miss Hill, who looked quite frightened. "Pray order it at once. Will you let me bathe your forehead with some lavender water, or eau-de-Cologne?"

He was gratified by her anxiety, though he ridiculed her remedies.

"I am better already, and quite able to enjoy the rich treat of listening to my favorite airs."

But Lestelle abruptly refused either to sing or to stay any longer; and finding her so determined, Mr. Paulton, for once, gave way.

"You are unkind to disappoint me; but I must be generous, and let you go. I suppose I shall not see you again till Monday?"

Lestelle's hand struggled out of his clasp; but with the air of a successful lover, he re-possessed himself of it, and led her to the carriage.

As soon as they had driven off, Miss Hill went into hysterics, and her astonished companion had not succeeded in calming her when they reached home.

As Lestelle was supporting her across the hall, the servant who had admitted them apprized his mistress that a gentleman was waiting to see her.

"I cannot see any one!" she cried, hastily. "Tell him that the friend who resides with me has been suddenly taken ill."

"It is Mr. Lesmere, ma'am. He bade me say that his business is urgent." And at the same moment the door of the drawing-room opened, and Darcy came to meet her.

Miss Hill's sobs had ceased, but she was still clinging to the young actress, and shuddering violently every time she attempted to speak.

Darcy saw that her illness was merely hysteria, and gently disengaging her hands from Lestelle's skirt, he led her to a couch.

"Will Miss Hill kindly endeavor to compose herself? We are in great trouble at Glenglaughton House. Viscount Branceleigh is dying, and so urgently entreats to see Lestelle, that even his father seconds his request."

"Dying! Oh, happy Percy! Who would bid him live?" murmured Lestelle; and then, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, she burst into tears. "Alas! for his mother!—his sister! What deep—deep sorrow for them!"

"Will you come with me at once?" asked Darcy. "I have a carriage waiting."

She drew her shawl around her, and gave him her hand; but Miss Hill interposed, with frenzied eagerness.

"Not yet—not yet! You must give me five minutes first; you must, indeed!"

"Let me beg of you not to detain us!" cried Darcy, annoyed at her persistence. "My cousin's hours are numbered, and I have been waiting some time already."

"Five minutes! I will not keep you longer," Miss Hill continued to beg, with a pertinacity that would take no denial; and as the quickest course, Lestelle followed her into the nearest room.

With her eyes fixed on the door, as if she dreaded interruption, Miss Hill drew some papers from her bosom.

"Child, I have played the thief for you! Will Wyett ever forgive me? Yet it was no theft, for he had no right to withhold these from you. I drugged his wine. Ah! if you knew what it cost me to do it! And then I watched at the door till the dose took effect, stole in, and possessed myself of his pocket-book. If he had awakened he would have killed me. Now go; yet say good-bye to me first. I must leave London directly! I could not brave the reproaches he will heap on me when he discovers what I have done."

She kissed Lestelle, and, in the same breathless terror, signed to her to go away. "Bid the servants deny me to him if he comes, and send me word how he bears his loss, will you?"

"Then you will join your aunt at Southampton?" asked Lestelle, as she slid the papers into her pocket, feeling that there was no time now for examining them.

"Join my aunt? I dare not! He might follow me there. I scarcely know whether I shall bend my steps. Insert an advertisement in the *Telegraph* when you think I may venture to emerge from hiding."

It was no use to stay and reason with her. Although a womanly longing to avenge her own wrongs had mingled with her sense of Lestelle's wrongs, and given her courage to devise and execute her little scheme, it was no sooner accomplished than she fell back into her old dependent state, and was overwhelmed at the thought of what she had nerved herself to do.

As soon as Lestelle left her, she hastened upstairs to pack a few necessities in a bag, with which in her hand, and her face muffled in a black veil, she stole out of the house, and took refuge at the cottage of an old servant in an out-of-the-world Surrey village.

Bewildered by Miss Hill's revelations, and the tidings of Percy's danger, Lestelle sat by the side of Darcy, in the Glenaughton carriage, without speaking, till they were half-way to the Earl's house. Then she collected herself sufficiently to ask how long he had been in such a precarious state.

"Only since this morning, when an unpleasant circumstance, too abruptly communicated, brought on an attack from which he has not rallied."

"His mother—how does she bear it?"

"Her ladyship was carried to bed in a swoon, some hours since. I don't think she has been apprized of her son's condition."

Lestelle felt a little surprised on hearing this.

"And the Lady Ida?"

Darcy paused a moment before he answered her.

"It would be folly to attempt concealing what will be known to all the world by to-morrow. Ida has left us. She was married this morning, at a very early hour, to the Marquis of Lechlade, and left England directly after the ceremony."

"Left her home? Left you, her betrothed?" exclaimed Lestelle. "Oh, cruel! how could she?"

"She thought it was choosing the lesser of two evils," answered Darcy, with a little bitterness. "If the Marquis has no brains, he has an indisputable title to his peerage, while I am in danger of losing my name as well as my inheritance."

His auditor's hand closed on the papers with a thrill of dread. Had Miss Hill read them? If so, she had given no clue to their import; and though they might enable Lestelle to dictate her own terms, they might still be convincing proofs of Darcy's illegitimacy.

This thought was tormenting her when the vehicle stopped, and Darcy assisted her to alight. Straw had been laid down before the door, the knocker muffled, and the servants moved about the house as noiselessly as if any sounds from the outer world could disturb the dying youth, whose dulled ears scarcely heard the sobs of his agonized father.

Darcy led his trembling companion to an ante-chamber adjoining Percy's room, and then went to apprise the Earl of her presence. He found him sitting by the bed of his son. He rose directly, and accepting the support of Darcy's arm, quitted the apartment. As he softly closed the door behind him his gaze fell upon Lestelle, who had thrown off her hat and mantle, and was standing with clasped hands and parted lips, waiting to be summoned to the interview which she anticipated with a little natural dread. The lamp that hung above her shed a softened light upon her slender form, her simple white dress, and hair that fell rippling upon her shoulders, its only ornament a spray of geranium, which Miss Hill had fastened in it.

Lord Glenaughton staggered back, gasping out, "Great heavens, Esther!" And then, with a gesture of horror which made her beautiful eyes fill with tears, covered his face, and motioned to Darcy to lead him away.

The next minute Lestelle was kneeling beside Percy, who received her with a smile of recognition, and slid his wasted fingers into hers.

"I could not die without seeing you once more," he murmured; "for you were my faithful friend when I was reckless of life. Where's Darcy?"

His cousin moved a little nearer. "What can I do for you, dear Percy?"

"Listen. I want you to defend Lestelle if any slanderous imputations should be cast upon her after I am gone. Don't let any one say that she led me into the follies I have committed, for it isn't true. My real troubles date from an evening when I and some gay young companions met Wyett Paulton at a gambling-house. I recognised him, and flushed with wine, I made bitter allusions to his audacity in thrusting himself upon us. He bore them patiently, though with whitening lips and an evil sneer, and led me on till I had lost more than I could pay, unless he gave me time. I sought him the next morning to urge this, and he retaliated upon me—St! look fashion—crushing me with a tale which has lain heavy on my heart ever since." Lestelle started up to bathe his face, for he was growing faint, and implored him to say no more.

"I will not, except to thank you for seeking me out as soon as you learned that I was in this thrall, and doing your best to rescue me. You thought you were saving a brother, didn't you? Ay, and never stayed to remind yourself that I held the place that should have been yours; nay, even extorted from me a promise not to question my father."

"If Wyett Paulton is to be trusted, we were would both of us deceived," said Lestelle, sadly. Percy sighed. "I do not think so; but I no

longer wish to know the truth; the shame of this secret has eat into my soul. I have walked about the streets, feeling myself an impostor—and worse; I have been haunted with an unceasing dread of that moment when the heartless knave, who held our honor in his power would blazon the story to the world."

There was a pause, during which nothing was heard but the laboured breathing of the dying Percy. His mind was beginning to wander.

"Don't tell me the truth now; let me die hoping that it wasn't my father's crime, after all. Poor Ida! I burnt the note she left for me: it was only half a dozen words. She hadn't the courage to meet the troubles I had prophesied, and so she had accepted Lechlade, and I was to pity and forgive. Where's Lestelle—I can't see her now—and Darcy? Will they promise to do this, too? He's getting an old man, and a very lonely one! Spare his gray hairs?"

"Your father shall be my care," said Darcy, solemnly. "No trouble that I can avert shall fall upon him."

Percy murmured a reply, but so faintly as to be inaudible; then his clasp of their hands relaxed, and before Darcy could ring for assistance all was over.

The bereaved father's grief now took the distressing form of violent irritability. He strode into the library, whither Darcy had conducted the weeping Lestelle, and angrily addressed her.

"Are you satisfied with your handiwork? Did your mother bid you wreak this vengeance? Could you not have spared the boy, who was the pride of my life till he met with you?"

"Dear uncle, you are unjust," interposed Darcy, to whom the trembling, weeping girl involuntarily clung. "With his last breath Percy exonerated her. It is to Wyett Paulton's malice that you have owed all this sorrow."

"But she stands their upbraiding me with her mother's eyes! Hence, girl! You did but hide yourself awhile that you might make the blow more overwhelming at last."

"Then I have not erred," said Lestelle, tremulously; "you are my father, as well as Percy's?"

The Earl struggled to collect himself.

"Who says so?" he fiercely demanded. "Who can prove it? And if it were so, do you think I would acknowledge you?—you the actress—the accomplice of Paulton?"

"Is it fault of mine that, in my need, I gladly made use of the gift that secured me from want?" asked Lestelle, growing indignant at his harshness. "If I ever dreamed of vindicating my mother's fame, the thought of the hapless ones which the step would injure restrained me. I have had no part in Wyett Paulton's revelations!"

"You tell me so!" Lord Glenaughton incredulously retorted.

"And I tell you the truth! Not until this night have the proofs of my mother's marriage been in my possession."

She drew forth the papers Miss Hill had given her, and placed them in Darcy Lesmere's hands, saying, "Read them, and read aloud."

He glanced at his uncle; but the Earl had thrown himself into a chair, and his face was buried in his handkerchief. The thought that his own future would be decided by the perusal made him hesitate no longer, and, in tones that often faltered, he obeyed Lestelle's injunction.

The first paper was that certificate of marriage Wyett Paulton had read to the young girl, craftily leaving out one word, which completely altered its signification. The Earl's name was John Arden Lesmere; his dead brother's Arden Everard. By omitting the John, this document had been made to bear a very different meaning to its hearer.

The other papers were the affidavits of the witnesses to the ceremony, and a letter from an agent of Paulton's, who had been employed to collect their testimony. This epistle clearly proved that, although both the brothers had quitted Halesby together it was the Earl who returned, and had carried his unfortunate bride to London, where he established her in suburban lodgings, visiting her under the name of Mr. Arden.

There was a pause when Darcy finished his task. With his deep sense of the disgrace Lord Glenaughton's deed entailed upon every one connected with him, there mingled a devout thankfulness that no stain rested on his father's memory. He could comprehend now how thoroughly truth and fiction had been blended in all the Earl had told him. He gazed at his uncle sorrowfully, as he sat with his features still concealed.

But now Lestelle's voice broke in upon his musings.

"These papers—do they place your birth-right beyond a doubt?"

"Most certainly they do," Darcy hastily replied, in low tones.

"And they also attest the fact that I am the daughter of the Earl of Glenaughton, by his first and only legal marriage?"

Darcy bowed affirmatively; at the same time entreating her, by a look, to spare his uncle, who writhed on his chair, and groaned aloud, as she spoke.

Lestelle moved a little nearer to the table at which the Earl was sitting.

"Father!"—it was the first time that name had ever crossed her lips—"when my mother took her children and went back to her own people, a wronged, if not a forsaken wife, those who befriended her urged her to reveal the name of the husband and parent who had forgotten the claim these helpless ones laid upon him."

His lordship did not raise his head, but his attitude proved that he was listening intently.

"She would not be prevailed upon, and she died pitying and praying for the lover of her youth—the father of the child who lies with her, and the still more unfortunate one she had to leave to the scant mercy of her kindred. I, too, will do as my mother did, and heap no additional shame on your head, by asserting my right to be known as your daughter."

Before either the Earl or Darcy thoroughly comprehended what she proposed doing, she had thrust the packet into the middle of the fire; another moment, and it was reduced to ashes.

She stood watching the light embers flutter and fall, then moved quietly towards the door; but Darcy sprung after her! he would not let her go alone, and he was drawing her arm through his, his eyes eloquent of the love and admiration he felt, when a hollow voice, full of agonized entreaty, was heard, recalling her.

"Essie! my child! my child!"

She stood still, but she could not respond to the appeal. Her mother's wrongs—her own miserable childhood—stood betwixt her and the faulty man whose repentance came too late.

"As God is my judge," said the Earl, "I believed Esther to be dead when I arranged to marry the mother of Percy and Ida. Her quick temper resented my unwillingness to publicly proclaim our marriage during my father's lifetime, and we quarrelled frequently. After one of these scenes, she rushed from the cottage where we were then residing, with the infant in her arms, declaring that she would put an end to her miserable existence. A newspaper report induced me to believe that she had fulfilled her threat; and I came to London, and obeyed my father's wish that I should espouse the daughter of his old friend. On the eve of our nuptials, Esther suddenly appeared before me. She had repented her haste, and traced me to town. It was too late to recede, or I thought so, and my unfortunate wife assured me that she was dying."

Lestelle felt a thrill of repulsion cross over her. How eagerly he must have seized upon this assurance as a way out of his difficulties! The loving girl who had forsaken her home for his sake must have been sadly a clog to him when the passion with which she had inspired him began to fade out, and her death must have been looked for—longed for—with a terribly selfish disregard of her claims upon his consideration.

"I was nearly distracted by the position in which her appearance placed me," the Earl added, presently. "I strove to make her happy in the home to which I conveyed her, and she was so till accident made her acquainted with my second marriage. Then she left me, never to return! Darcy, I see that you regard me as a villain; but don't imagine that my life has been a happy one! Remorse has embittered its brightest moments. Thoughts of Esther and her little ones have haunted my pillow, and the boy for whose sake more than for my own I dreaded discovery, has lived estranged from me, and been killed by the knowledge of my crime. In the last words he murmured to me I learnt all, and my punishment is greater than I can bear."

The next moment, Lestelle was kneeling at his feet. She saw no longer the haughty Earl who despised her, but the heart-broken father whose sins had overtaken him at last.

"You have called me your child—oh, give me a daughter's privilege! Let me try to comfort you!"

His tears fell fast upon her upraised face, and bending forward, he kissed her lips, and blessed her. But the next moment his mind was busy with more worldly difficulties.

"You have made a sacrifice in destroying those papers," he admitted. "How shall I make you amends? I cannot acknowledge you—it would kill Lady Glenaughton, and—cover me with public disgrace. If I secure to you a regular income—"

Lestelle rose to her feet, with a dissenting gesture. If she could not have his affection, she would not accept anything else. But it was Darcy who answered for her.

"Lestelle will not require anything from you, sir. Her future will be my care."

And leaving his uncle to guess his meaning, he threw his arm around her and led her away. There were no longer any reservations betwixt them. On Darcy's breast Lestelle wept out her blended grief and joy, and was consoled by his tender caresses. Nor did he quit her side until he had exacted a promise that she would—with the strict privacy their regard for Percy's memory demanded—give him a right to protect her always.

Mr. Paulton demanded an interview with her early on the morning of the day that was to have witnessed his marriage, and was immediately admitted, for Lestelle no longer feared him.

"So you, or your equally clever friend, have check-mated me," he said, tapping his pocket-book significantly; "and I suppose you have made your own terms with the Earl, for I hear that you have been to Glenaughton House?"

"I have always denied your right to meddle with my private affairs," she answered quietly; "and I refuse to give you any information respecting them."

He frowned angrily. "You prefer that I should arrest you for a theft, and publish the Glenaughton scandal in a police-court?"

"And relate at the same time your reasons for keeping my existence a secret from my father, and falsifying the certificate of my mother's marriage? You have over-reached yourself, Mr. Paulton; and I should advise you to bear your defeat with patience."

And now the evil temper of the man burst forth, and Lestelle was appalled at his violence. From the time he had discovered that his suspicion was correct, and that she was Lord Glenaughton's daughter, he had resolved to aggrandize himself by marrying her. With this intent he had educated her carefully; with this intent he had resolved to conceal her birth until he had made her his own. But, from the paper he dropped when he stole into her chamber and robbed her, Lestelle had learnt something of her parentage—enough to interest her in Percy and Ida, the handsome youth and beautiful maiden who had usurped her place in her father's house and heart.

And Mr. Paulton had found it no easy task to mould the high-spirited girl to his wishes. All he suspected was that Lestelle loved Darcy Lesmere. Convinced of this, as a *dernier ressort*, he changed his tactics. He deemed that she might be led to sacrifice herself for Darcy's sake—that she would sooner become his wife than strip him she loved of wealth and name. For these reasons, he gave his lawyer instructions to proceed against the young man. When he had compelled Lestelle to give him her hand, it would be time enough to produce the attestations that exonerated Arden Lesmere and proved his (Wyett Paulton's) bride to be the only legitimate child of the Earl of Glenaughton.

Foiled in the scheme he had cherished for years, he was proceeding to threats, when Darcy came to her rescue. He led the terrified girl from the room, promising Paulton a horse-whipping if he attempted to intrude upon her again.

Thanks to Darcy's care, and a little wholesome fear on Mr. Paulton's part of the menaced chastisement, she saw him no more; and his attempts to give publicity to the Glenaughton scandal were frustrated by the time being ill-chosen. Every one sympathised with the statesman, who was mourning his only son, and whose altered looks and bowed frame evinced the depth of his sorrow.

Darcy proposed to carry Lestelle to France and Italy, as soon as their nuptials had been celebrated, and enjoy with her a lengthened sojourn on the continent; but this plan, in which the Earl had cordially agreed, was destined to be postponed. They were spending their honeymoon in a charming little retreat on the banks of the Thames, and arranging their route from Paris, which was to be their first resting-place, when a telegram recalled them to town. Lord Glenaughton had been stricken with palsy, while delivering an eloquent speech at a public meeting, and his nephew was entreated to hasten to him. Lady Glenaughton, after one horrified glimpse of his distorted face, shut herself up in her own suite of apartments, and declared herself to be too ill to see him again. Ida, the Marchioness of Lechlade, who had accompanied her liege lord to Scotland, had met with an accident there which confined her to a sofa; and though it is not improbable that she would have gladly exchanged her dull life with the inane little Marquis even for the stillness of Glenaughton House, her medical attendants forbade the attempt.

Thus, Lord Glenaughton's dying bed would have been a lonely one, but for Lestelle and Darcy. They watched beside him with untiring patience; and though weeks and even months elapsed, they did not weary over their self-imposed task. The Earl partially regained the power of speech; and when he sank peacefully into the sleep from which there is no waking, it comforted Lestelle to remember how often his lips had called her his child, his dear, thoughtful, loving daughter; and how his last look had been given to her, as she knelt by his pillow.

The widowed Countess never knew precisely the reason that her husband had formed such a strong attachment to Darcy's young wife—the actress whose presence beneath her roof she very much resented; but a hint from Ida, who was more worldly wise, as well as more cognisant of the truth than her mother, warned her to conceal her dislike. Lestelle, therefore, after her husband's accession to the Glenaughton title, was treated with great but hollow politeness by his relatives; nor was it till the misery of an unhappy marriage, and the sufferings consequent upon the accident, had despoiled Ida of her beauty, and rendered her a confirmed invalid, that she sought Lestelle's affection, and acknowledged her virtues.

It was some time before Miss Hill conquered her nervous dread of Wyett Paulton, and emerged from her concealment; but she thankfully accepted Darcy's proposal that she should assist Lestelle in the management of her household; and it was to her goodness of heart that Paulton owed the assistance rendered to him when his speculations failed, and he was living in obscurity at Boulogne, a splenetic, prematurely aged man, who, in the whole course of his life, had not succeeded in making a friend.

Before Lord Glenaughton's death, Lestelle had, with his concurrence, erected a simple monument to the memory of her mother. Still anxious to spare the feelings of the living, she contented herself with inscribing upon it the words:—

"TO ESTHER,
A tribute from her husband
and her child."

And very few of those who linger in the secluded little grave-yard to note the beauty of the marble cross, and the flowers that cluster around it, are aware that a yearly pilgrimage to this spot is made by the happy and beautiful wife of Darcy, the present Earl of Glenaughton.

A MYSTERY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!

No clew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadow fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took,
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?
Or glimpse through aeons old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,
And pleasant as a dawn of spring,
That thought within me grew.

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The Hills of Heaven arise.

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE IRISH BRIGADE IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE (1698-1791).

The existence of a brigade of soldiers in the service of France, composed exclusively of British subjects, and annually recruited from our shores, is a very striking fact, and one whose causes and significance may have been too much overlooked by modern politicians. No one can fail to be struck by this who happens to read a work on the Irish Brigade, by Mr. J. C. O'Callaghan, to which we have had occasion to refer in the course of our researches. The book itself is bad, full of inaccuracies and exaggerations and unmistakably disloyal in its tone, yet it is interesting, and it affords food for much serious reflection.

The origin of the Irish Brigade in the service of France, can hardly be assigned to any definite date; for although the Brigade was not fully and finally organized until 1698, yet the first germ of its existence may be discovered nearly thirty years before.

As early as the year 1671, Charles II. had permitted the Comte de Hamilton to levy a body of over fifteen hundred men in Ireland for the service of the King of France. This regiment was known by the name of the *régiment de Hamilton*, and was broken up at the Count's death in 1676, and its members drafted into other French corps. Among them was a young Irishman of the name of Lee, who afterwards, at Lord Mountcashel's death in 1694, succeeded to the command of his regiment—the first and not the least distinguished of the Irish Brigade. There had been Irish troops in the Spanish service ever since the desertion of Sir Edward Stanley, in 1587; and from 1652 to 1658 a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry, both entirely composed of Irishmen, fought under the banners of France. But although these troops by their valor tended to create a reputation for the Irish soldiery on the continent of Europe, they can not be said to have been in any way connected with the Irish Brigade of the eighteenth century, or to have any claim upon our attention here. In the spring of 1690, when James was hard pressed in Ireland, he implored Louis XIV. to send him over some French troops, whose experience and prestige would be invaluable to his irregular and dispirited army. Louis accordingly sent over about six thousand men to Ireland, under the Comte de Lauzun, but demanded in exchange a similar number of Irish troops, to aid him in his own wars on the continent. Accordingly a body of over five thousand men and officers of the Irish army sailed for France in the transports which had brought over De Lauzun's forces to Ireland. On landing at Brest these Irish troops were formed into three regiments, commanded respectively by Lord Mountcashel, the Honorable Daniel O'Brien, afterwards Lord Clare, and the Honorable Arthur Dillon; Lord Mountcashel being

commander-in-chief of the whole brigade. Although this body, which was afterwards known by the name of the "Old Brigade," was the forerunner of the real Irish Brigade, yet the latter famous corps can hardly be said to have been finally organized for nearly ten years more. Nevertheless Lord Mountcashel's Irishmen did good service to the cause of France during the years 1690 and 1691, in Savoy against Victor Amadeus, and in Spain against the Duke of Medina Sidonia. Within three months after the conclusion of the treaty of Limerick, more than eighteen thousand Irishmen—Jacobites or otherwise—passed over into France with James II. Among them was a large proportion of trained soldiers, who had been recruited in Ireland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and who in virtue of the capitulation of Limerick were permitted to accompany their fallen monarch to his asylum in France. Some of the regiments had been only lately raised for the service of James in Ireland, but the "King's" dismounted dragoons dated from 1685, the regiment of Mountcashel from 1683, and the Royal Foot Guards from 1662. These eighteen thousand Irish troops in the pay of the French king, although two-thirds of them were nominally in the service of James, fought bravely for the cause of France, until the peace of Ryswick secured for a brief period the tranquillity of Europe. Their ranks were constantly recruited from Ireland, and, without giving any credence to the exaggerated statements of Mr. O'Callaghan on this point, we can well believe that a considerable number of Irish Roman Catholics found their way to France during the six years immediately following the treaty of Limerick; and, indeed, throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century Jacobite agents were established in various parts of Ireland for the purpose of enlisting men for the French service, and their efforts appear to have been completely successful.

The first service in which the Irish Brigade was appointed to take a part after its organization in 1692 was an expedition against England. This proposed invasion was planned in the interest both of James and of Louis; the former aimed at recovering his lost throne, the latter at delivering a home thrust at the able and intrepid chief of the League of Augsburg. But England was saved from invasion in 1692, as she had been in 1538, and as she was so often afterwards, by the intervention of the elements. Contrary winds prevented the French from embarking their troops on board the transports, while they enabled the Dutch squadron of Van Allemonde to effect a junction with the British fleet under Admiral Russell. The consequent naval engagement off Cape La Hogue between the allied fleets and the French, under the gallant Admiral de Tourville, and the brilliant and decisive victory of the English and Dutch, entirely destroyed the French navy, and effectually put a stop to any attempts at an invasion of England for some time afterwards. James, who had watched the destruction of his hopes from the cliffs of La Hogue, retired to Saint Germain immediately after the engagement, and the Irish troops were ordered to join the armies of the French king in Flanders, in Germany, in Spain, and in Italy. During the campaigns of 1692 and 1693 the Irish had abundant opportunities of wreaking their vengeance upon the English king and his armies, and were especially conspicuous by their bravery at the bloody battle of Neerwinden, where William was completely defeated, and compelled to retire before the superior force of his great military rival the Marshal Duke of Luxembourg. Throughout the war, indeed, the Irish Brigade was present at almost every battle or skirmish of importance, and won for itself a reputation without which it would have hardly survived the peace of Ryswick. But nowhere was their valor more distinguished than at the celebrated battle of Marsaglia. About six thousand men of the Brigade were present in the French army, which was under the command of Marshal Catinat. At the commencement of the engagement Prince Eugene succeeded in breaking the French centre, but before he could take advantage of this success the thin battalions of Clare's regiment immediately took the place of the disorganized French regiments, and charged the Germans with such fury that they in their turn were obliged to fall back. Throughout the battle these Irish troops stood their ground, and Col. Wauchop leading up his regiments to the charge at a critical juncture, Eugene was at length compelled to retire, leaving Catinat master of the field.

As by the peace of Ryswick, Louis XIV. had acknowledged William of Orange to be the lawful King of Great Britain, it was manifestly impossible for him any longer to allow the army of James, as such, to remain in his dominions. Unwilling, however, to banish the soldiers who had so ably assisted him in his struggles with the League of Augsburg, the French king determined to take the greater part of James' troops into his own service, and by uniting them with the brigade of Mountcashel, already mentioned as being in his own army, to organize an Irish Brigade or band of mercenaries into which all future refugees from Ireland might be enlisted; and while thus providing a career for themselves, might assist his own troops in future wars. The army of James numbered over 12,000 men, and the brigade of Mountcashel about 6,000, making together more than 18,000 men, out of which early in 1698 was formed the new Irish Brigade. The reorganization of the Irish troops was attended with considerable difficulty, from the extraordinary number of officers which were to be found among their ranks, and which may easily be

accounted for by the peculiar origin of the regiments. It was found impossible to include the greater part of these Irish officers in the new Brigade; but they were allowed to retain their rank, and received a small allowance from the treasury of France. Dissatisfied with this treatment, they presented a petition to the French king, setting forth at some length their real or imaginary grievances in true Irish fashion; in answer to which the generous Louis formed them into a distinct corps of officers, to serve wherever he might be desirous of employing them, and granted them the full pay attached to their nominal rank. This corps of "reformed" officers, as they were called, proved a valuable adjunct to the Brigade during the early part of its career, and was itself distinguished upon many occasions.

The war of the Spanish Succession, which began almost immediately after the formation of the Irish Brigade, enabled Louis to turn their services to a good account, and in one of the earliest engagements of the war they behaved in a way that confirmed their growing reputation on the continent, and satisfied the French king of his wisdom and foresight in securing their services.

The city of Cremona, then belonging to the Spanish dominion in Northern Italy, was in the early part of the year 1702 an important military centre. A gallant Spanish officer, Don Diego de la Concha, was commandant of the citadel, and Marshal Villeroi, as commander of the French and Spanish troops, had made the city his head quarters during the winter. The Marquis de Crenan and the Comte de Revel, distinguished French generals, held subordinate commands, and Colonels Arthur Dillon and Walter Bourke, with some 600 men of the Irish Brigade, raised the entire strength of the garrison to about 5,000 men. At no great distance lay Prince Eugene at the head of a small force, too weak to besiege Cremona, and yet conscious of the immense importance of its reduction. He accordingly throughout the winter devoted his particular attention to the surprise of the town; and having put himself into communication with a priest of the name of Cozzoli, living within Cremona, he contrived to have a subterranean passage opened from the main sewer of the city into the priest's house. The greatest laxity of discipline prevailed among the garrison, and the sentries on the walls were both few and careless. Eugene had no difficulty in introducing by degrees about 500 men through the subterranean passage into the priest's keeping, and preparations were accordingly made for an attack on the morning of the 1st of February, 1702. In addition to his own corps of about 4,000 men, the Prince ordered De Vaudemont, at the head of 5,000 more, to march round the city, and crossing the river Po by a bridge of boats on the west, to enter the town by the gate known as the Po Gate, and effect a junction with the forces of Eugene within its walls. The attack was well planned, and early in the morning the gates of All Saints and Saint Margaret were opened by Father Cozzoli's cellar-men, and Eugene might have taken possession of the city almost without striking a blow, had not Monsieur d'Entraignes, a French officer of rank, happened to be reviewing a regiment of marines in one of the squares of the town at four o'clock in the morning. These troops opposed the entrance of the Germans with the greatest bravery, and although they were soon overpowered by Eugene's superior force, the noise of the conflict aroused the sleeping garrison, and gave time for a hurried arming and assembling of the other troops. Before the allies had recovered from their surprise, however, Eugene had installed himself in the Podesta, or Town Hall, and all the eastern part of the city was in the hands of the Germans. Marshal Villeroi, hurrying from his quarters with a slender escort, was taken prisoner; Crenan and Montyon were also taken, De la Concha and Desgrigny were mortally wounded, D'Entraignes was killed; and the Germans were already congratulating themselves on their victory, when a body of men, who had been despatched to take possession of the Po Gate, at which the Prince de Vaudemont would have to enter the town, found the road barred by a small detachment of Irish, under the command of Major O'Mahony, who defended the way until the remainder of their countrymen, together with a few Spanish and French troops, came to their assistance; and, in spite of repeated charges, both of cavalry and grenadiers, they occupied the fortifications of the gateway, and despatching fifty of their number to break down the bridge of boats, so as to prevent Vaudemont from attacking them in the rear, they showed a bold front to the Germans in the city. For upwards of nine hours did this devoted band resist every attempt made by Eugene to force their position. In vain did the flower of the German infantry advance resolutely against their barricades; in vain did the terrible Austrian cuirassiers sweep over all obstacles and penetrate into the midst of the Irish; the Irish remained firm. The Baron de Freilberg, one of the bravest officers in the Austrian army, vowed that he would dislodge them or perish in the attempt; his troops were beaten back, and he himself was slain. Negotiations were tried with no better effect. Eugene sent an Irishman in his own service, one Mac-Donnell, to treat with O'Mahony, thinking that the persuasions of a compatriot could not be but successful, but the messenger was taken prisoner, and the Prince defied. At length, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Eugene, seeing that De Vaudemont could not cross the river to join him, and unable to hold the town by his actual force, was compelled slowly and

reluctantly to retire, carrying with him a marshal of France, and other distinguished prisoners, but leaving Cremona as he had entered it in the morning, a Spanish and not a German city. In their heroic defence of Cremona the Irish were reduced from 600 to 250 men, having lost no less than 87 officers and 263 men. The large proportion of officers among the killed and wounded was the result of the peculiar organization of the Brigade already referred to, and which must always be borne in mind in considering the results of any encounter in which the Irish troops were engaged. The Marquis de Revel, now the commander of Cremona, selected O'Mahony as the officer to be sent to apprise Louis XIV. of the failure of Eugene's attempt; and the delighted monarch, to mark his appreciation of O'Mahony's services and those of the Irish generally, received him with special favor, made him a handsome present, and settled on him a pension of a thousand livres.

Beyond their savage persecution of the Camisards in the Cevennes, nothing worthy of note is recorded of the Irish troops from Cremona until the great French defeat in 1704. The Brigade at Blenheim formed part of the division of Marshal Marcin, which was opposed to the allied forces under Prince Eugene; and, although not more than two thousand strong, they distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct throughout the day; and when, at its close, the defeat of Tallard by Marlborough rendered it necessary for Marcin to draw off his division, to the Irish, under the command of Lord Clare, was assigned the important and honorably duty of protecting the retreat. In this position they opposed a successful resistance to Prince Eugene, and thus while the main body of the allies under the Duke of Marlborough, obtained a complete victory over Marshal Tallard, the division of Marcin was enabled to effect its retreat in tolerably good order. In the Italian campaign of the next year, the Irish mustered in much greater force than at Blenheim, and in the undecided battle of Cassano, between the Duc de Vendôme and Prince Eugene they attracted general attention by their valor; and the great French commander himself, who was not given to flattery, wrote of them in the highest terms to Louis XIV. At the battle of Ramillies the brigade sustained a severe loss in its colonel, Charles, fifth Viscount Clare, together with a great number of inferior officers and men. This Lord Clare was one of the bravest of the brave officers who distinguished the Irish Brigade; his daring charges had turned the fortune of the day at the first battle of Blenheim, and his skill and courage had saved the retreating army of Marcin at the second. It was while endeavoring to rally the flying troops at Ramillies that he received the wounds of which he soon afterwards died. He was succeeded in his title and in the nominal command of his regiment by his infant son, afterwards the Marshal Thomond, and the hero of Fontenoy.

During the years 1705 and 1706, the Irish took part in the various military operations in Italy, Germany, and Spain, and were especially distinguished at the battle of Calcinato. But our space forbids us to enter into any details of the military operations of these years, or those which immediately followed, and we must content ourselves with saying that the influence of the Irish Brigade at Almanza, at Oudenarde, at Malplaquet, and at Dettingen, was not of any considerable importance. We must, therefore, pass over a period of forty years in a somewhat abrupt manner in order to be able to devote our attention to the most celebrated if not the most glorious event in the annals of the Irish Brigade.

On the 1st of May, 1715, Marshal Saxe, invested Tournay, which by virtue of the Barrier Treaty was garrisoned by Dutch troops. Although broken down in constitution and so weak as to be unable even to mount his horse, the mind of the great Marshal was as clear and as active as ever; and the eighty thousand Frenchmen who composed his army were not to be beaten, as braver Frenchmen have been beaten in our own time, by any defect in generalship. Ere the army had been long before Tournay, the Duke of Cumberland, who commanded the allied forces in the Netherlands, set out for Brussels to raise the siege, at the head of a force composed of English, Hanoverian, Dutch, and Germans, to the number of about fifty thousand men, of whom nearly twenty thousand were British. Marshal Saxe, leaving about fifteen thousand men to keep the garrison of Tournay in check, advanced to meet the allies, and established himself in a strong position on the plain of L'Escaut, having the village of Antoin to his right, with the wood of Barré to his left, and his right centre resting upon the little village of Fontenoy. Strong as was this position by nature, it was fortified and protected in front by redoubts, and the only possible approach, the narrow and rugged space between Barré and Fontenoy, was commanded by no less than one hundred and ten pieces of cannon. The French army was inspired by the presence of both the King and the Dauphin; and Marshal Saxe, anxious to secure a safe retreat for the royal party in case of accidents, stationed large detachments of troops to guard the bridges over the Scheldt and to keep up communications in his rear. The absence of these troops as well as those left before Tournay reduced the Marshal's army to about fifty-five thousand men, a force not much greater numerically than that of the allies, but far superior in one respect; namely, that it was free from the jealous counsels and divided action which prevailed in the opposite camp. At six o'clock on the morning of the 11th of May, the cannonade began. The Dutch,

under the Prince of Waldeck, undertook to carry Antoin and Fontenoy by assault; but being unable to penetrate the enemy's lines at either of these points, and having suffered severely from the fire of the French batteries, they retreated in confusion to a distant part of the field, and could not be prevailed upon to take any further part in the action. A detachment of British troops, under General Ingoldsby, which had been despatched to penetrate the wood of Barré and storm the redoubts beyond it, also failed; but the Duke of Cumberland, with the main body of the army, consisting of about fourteen thousand English and Hanoverian troops, advanced steadily through the terrible cross fire of the enemy's batteries upon the French centre. The nature of the ground prevented the cavalry from accompanying this column of attack, but a few light field-pieces were dragged along by the infantry. As soon as the Guards, who were in the front of the English column, arrived within fifty paces of the enemy, their commander, Lord Charles Hay, made a formal salute, and called upon the French Guards to fire. "Messieurs," said the Count d'Anteroche, "nous ne tirons jamais les premiers; tirez vous-mêmes!" These courtesies soon gave place to more serious proceedings; and the English, after a deadly volley, moving slowly but steadily forward, driving back the Guards and the various French regiments which successively opposed their advance. Like a great wave the British column moved on, overwhelming every obstacle in its irresistible progress, and the stoutest hearts in the French army quailed at its approach. The French infantry was beaten, the French cavalry was in confusion, many of the bravest of the French officers were killed, and defeat seemed inevitable. Marshal Saxe implored the King to retreat while there was yet time, and not to expose any longer a life so valuable to France to the dangers attendant upon a general retreat. But Louis determined to stand his ground, and ordered the Marshal to make a final effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. At the suggestion of Count Lally, colonel of one of the Irish regiments which bore his name, four pieces of cannon which had been reserved for the defence of the royal position, were directed full upon the victorious column; and the household troops, the reserves, and the Irish Brigade, which had not yet been engaged, were drawn together by Marshal Saxe and hurled against the English flank with the energy of despair. So distinguished were the Irish troops in this charge that to them is usually ascribed the fortune of the day. For the English, unassisted by cavalry and abandoned by the entire Dutch force, were staggered by this final onslaught; they halted, wavered, and fell into confusion. At length, says Voltaire, "ils se rallièrent; mais ils cédèrent; ils quittèrent le champ de bataille sans tumulte, sans confusion, et furent vaincus avec honneur." The Irish Brigade on this eventful day was composed of the regiments of Clare, Dillon, Bulkeley, Roth, Berwick, Lally, and Fitzjames, commanded by Count Arthur Dillon and Lord Clare. These two gallant officers won for themselves undying laurels at the battle of Fontenoy, and lived to serve their adopted country with equal honor both in peace and war. But distinguished as was their career, there was an officer in the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy who was destined to play a more prominent part in the world's history than either Count Dillon or Lord Clare, and whose name has acquired a lasting reputation among the number of the brave and unfortunate.

But it is not possible in an article like the present to find space for any account of the life of Count Lally. The history of his command in India alone would furnish materials for a volume, and, indeed, occupies a considerable space in the pages of one of the most valuable writers on the military history of that country.

During the absence of Lally and his Irish contingent in the East, the Brigade at home, from a combination of causes, fell rapidly into decay. It had risen to its highest pitch at Fontenoy, but received a death-blow in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. From that day it began to decline. The eight years of peace, followed by seven years of war in which the French arms were seldom successful, tended greatly to demoralize the Irish regiments, while the repeal of so many of the more stringent laws against the Roman Catholics in Ireland, soon after the accession of George III. enabled the Irish to serve in the army of their lawful sovereign, and thus took away what had been doubtless one of the chief inducements to enlist in a foreign service.

Of the bravery of the Irish troops in the French service, and of the valuable assistance rendered by them to the French cause, there can be no question. Their conduct at the siege of Barcelona in 1697 has been warmly eulogized by the great commander Vendôme, and their prowess at Cremona, at Cassano, at Fontenoy, and at numerous other battles and sieges during the eighteenth century, calls for our highest admiration. The peculiar constitution of the Irish regiments was not without its influence upon their conduct in the field. Most of the regiments, notably that of Lord Clare, were raised and recruited entirely from the estates of their commanding officer, and were composed as well of cadets of his house as of his dependants and retainers, many of whom claimed relationship with their leader, though moving in an humble walk of life. The regiments of Bourke and Dillon, who distinguished themselves so gloriously at Cremona, were recruited in Galway and Roscommon from the followers of the chiefs of the above names. Thus the "clannish" feeling was present to a very great degree in the Irish regiments; and in fighting

side by side with their own relations and neighbors their national bravery was increased, while a spirit of mutual confidence and mutual assistance was engendered, which contributed much to their steadiness and efficiency in the field.

The fact is, that out of Ireland the Irish have always proved themselves to be admirable soldiers, and the peculiar circumstances of the formation and position of the Brigade in France rendered its services especially valuable to that country. A large proportion of its members, as we have already shown, must have been of a superior class to that from which the ordinary soldier is usually drawn, and the honorable rivalry which existed between them and the French troops, combined with their intense national hatred of the English, to whom they were so often opposed, served to render the Irish daring and resolute soldiers. The number of officers in the Irish Brigade must have exercised a considerable influence upon the character of the troops. In addition to the regular allowance for each battalion, a large number of supernumerary or "reformed" officers, as they were called, were to be found in the Irish ranks, and at a time when personal courage was of so much value in battle, the presence of so many high-spirited gentlemen cannot but have been of considerable importance. These officers, in many instances relations or connections of the commander of their regiment, were men of the highest social position in their own country. The greatest and noblest houses of Ireland had their representatives in the Brigade; the Butlers, the Burkes or Burghs, the Fitzgeralds, the O'Neills, the O'Briens, the Talbots, the Nugents, the Plunketts, and the Dillons sent many a stout heart and strong arm to do the bidding of French commanders, and to fight against their countrymen and their allegiance on the blood-stained fields of Flanders and Castille. The last service in which the Irish Brigade was engaged on the side of France was the expedition against the British West India Islands in 1779 and 1780. Early in the former year, Count Arthur Dillon, with a contingent of some 1,400 men, served under the Count d'Estaing, after the taking of Grenada by the French, and, although unsuccessful in an attempt to wrest Savannah from the British at the end of 1779, he took part in the expedition against St. Eustache in the next year, which resulted in the capture of that place by the French. The last occasion on which any member of the Irish Brigade was engaged in the service of France was at the siege of Brimstone Hill in the island of St. Christopher, "the Gibraltar of the Antilles," which was taken from us by the French, after a siege of thirty-one days, in the early part of the year 1782. Count Dillon, the commander of the Irish forces, was made governor-general of the island, which he held until the peace of 1783, when it was restored to Great Britain. The Irish Brigade was not broken up until 1791, in which year a decree of the National Assembly abolished all distinctions between foreign troops in the service of France and native French regiments. Upon this, a part of the Brigade chose to remain in France, and became merged in the general army of the Republic, while six regiments, commanded respectively by Count Walsh de Serrant, the Duke de Fitzjames, the Honorable Henry Dillon, Viscount Walsh de Serrant, Colonel Daniel O'Connell, and Colonel Conway, preferred to emigrate with the French Legitimists. This last remnant of the Irish Brigade was taken into the service of England from whose territory the Brigade had been originally raised and constantly recruited, and against whose armies it had fought for a hundred years. England received back again into her allegiance these erring subjects, who had been for three generations among the bravest, the most constant, and the most implacable of her foes.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THAT WICKED FRENCHMAN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Oh, what a handsome man!" cried Mrs. Hunter; "and such a charming foreign accent too."

Mrs. Hunter was a widow, rich, childless, fair, fat and forty, and she made the remark above recorded to Mr. Bunting, bachelor, who had come to pay an afternoon call, *à propos* of the departure of Professor La Fontaine, who had, according to the laws of etiquette, taken his departure on the arrival of Mr. Bunting.

"Don't like to contradict a lady," said Mr. Bunting, "but I can't say I agree with you; and these foreigners are generally impostors too."

Mrs. Hunter shook her head coquettishly. She was rather coquettish and rather gushing for her age and size.

"Oh, you gentlemen! you gentlemen!" she said; "I can't see that you ever do justice to each other;" and then she rang the bell, and ordered the servant to serve tea, and pressed bachelor Bunting to stay to partake of it.

There was a maiden aunt of eighty in the house to play propriety, and allow her the privilege of having as many bachelors to tea as she chose; and Mr. Bunting forgot his jealousy, and was once more happy.

It was, truth to tell, very much in love with the widow, who was his junior by ten years. He liked the idea of her living on the interest of her money, too. She was a splendid house-keeper and a fine pianist. She was popular and good-looking. He intended to offer himself for

her acceptance as soon as he felt sure that she would not refuse him. But this dreadful Professor La Fontaine, with black eyes as big as saucers, and long side whiskers, black also as any raven's wing, and the advantage of being the widow's junior. The opportunity to make a fool of herself is so irresistible to most widows, it troubled his dreams a good deal—not that he thought him handsome, oh, no—but still, at fifty a man does not desire a rival, however he may despise him.

"She did not ask him to stay, and she did ask me," said Mr. Bunting, and departed after a most delightful evening, during which the maiden aunt, who was, at best, as deaf as a post, snored sweetly in her rocking-chair. But, alas! on the very next evening his sky was overcast. Professor La Fontaine took the widow to the opera. He saw them enter the doors of the opera-house, and having followed and secured a seat in a retired portion of the house, also noticed that the professor kept his eyes fixed upon the lady's face in the most impressive manner during the whole performance, and that she now and then even returned his glances.

"It can't go on," said Mr. Bunting to himself. "I can't allow it. She'd regret it all her life. I must remonstrate with her. No woman likes a coward. Faint heart never won fair lady. She'll admire me for speaking out."

And that very evening Mr. Bunting trotted up to the widow's house, full of a deadly purpose, and with a set speech learned off by heart. The speech he forgot as he crossed the threshold; the purpose abided with him.

There were the usual remarks about the weather. The usual chit-chat followed, but the widow saw that Mr. Bunting was not at his ease. At last, with the sort of plunge that a timid bather makes into chilly water, he dashed into the subject nearest his heart.

"He's a rascal, ma'am, I give you my word."

"Oh, dear! Who is?" cried the widow.

"That frog-eater," replied the bachelor.

"Upon my soul, I speak for your own good. I'm interested in your welfare. Don't allow his visits. You don't know a thing about him."

"Do you allude to Monsieur La Fontaine?" asked Mrs. Hunter solemnly.

"I allude to that fellow," said bachelor Bunting. "Why, his very countenance proves him to be a rascal. I—I'd enjoy kicking him out so much. I—"

"Sir," said the widow, "if you haven't been drinking, I really think you must be mad."

"Ma'am," cried Mr. Bunting.

"Perhaps, however, I should take no notice of such conduct," said Mrs. Hunter. "Perhaps I should treat it with silent contempt."

"Oh, good gracious!" cried bachelor Bunting. "Don't treat me with silent contempt. It's my affection for you that urges me on. I adore you. Have me. Accept me. Marry me and be mine, to cherish and protect from all audacious, frog-eating Frenchmen."

The widow's heart was melted. She burst into tears.

"Oh, what shall I say?" she sobbed. "I thought you merely a friend. I am—I—I am engaged to the professor; he proposed yesterday evening."

Bachelor Bunting had dropped down upon his knees while making his offer. Now he got up with a sort of a groan—not entirely caused by disappointed love, for he had had the rheumatism.

"Farewell, false one," he said, feeling for his hat without looking toward it. "I leave you forever."

He strode away, banging the door after him. The widow cried and then laughed, and then cried again. In fact she had a genuine fit of what the maiden aunt called "stericks," and the chamber-maid "highstrikes," before she was brought to, and prevailed upon to take a glass of port and something hot and comforting in the edible line. After which the thought of her fiancée consoled her.

Days passed on. Bachelor Bunting did not drown himself or sup cold poison. The wedding-day was fixed. The house-maid informed her friends that Mrs. Hunter "kept steady company." The maiden aunt, who had no income of her own, curried favor by being almost always in a state of apparent coma. The widow was in the seventh heaven of bliss, and all went merry as a marriage bell until one evening, as the betrothed pair sat before the fire in the polished grate, there came a ring at the bell, and the girl who answered it soon looked into the parlor to announce the fact that a little girl in the hall *would* come in.

"Oh, let her in," said Mrs. Hunter. "I'm so fond of the dear children in the neighborhood. It's one of them, I presume." But while she was speaking a very small but very old looking little girl in a short frock, with a tambourine in her hand, bounced into the room, and throwing herself into the Professor's arms, with a strong French accent screamed:

"Darling papa, have I then found you? How glad mamma will be! We thought you dead."

"I am not your papa," said the Frenchman, turning pale. "Are you then crazy, my poor little girl?"

"No, no, no; you are my papa!" cried the child. "Do not deny your Estelle. Does she not know you? Ah, my heart, it tells me true. Dear mamma and I have almost starved, but she has never pawned her wedding-ring, never. She plays the organ, I the tambourine. We have suffered, but now papa will return to us. Ah, Heaven!"

"My gracious! the morals of furriners. He'd have married missus!" cried the girl at the door.

"She tells one black lie. Never before have seen her; belief me, madame!" screamed the poor Frenchman. "Ah, *mon Dieu*, am I dreaming?"

"Oh, Alphonse!" cried the widow. "But there, I will be firm. My best friends warned me of you. Take your hat—go. Never enter my presence again. Go with your unfortunate child—your poor half-starved little girl. Go home to your deserted wife. Go!"

"Ah, madame, zesse is dem lies," cried the unfortunate Frenchman, losing his English in his excitement. "Belief—"

"Out of my house!" cried the widow. "Peggy, open the door. Go! What an escape I have had!"

The professor departed. Mrs. Hunter threw herself upon the sofa in tears. The maiden aunt, who had not heard a word, demanded an explanation. Biddy howled it through her ear-trumpet in these words:

"The blatherin scoundrel has iver so many wives and families already, playin' tumborines for their bread. God help 'em. The rascal!" And in the midst the door bell rang, and Mr. Bunting walked in, with a polite bow.

Biddy and the aunt slipped out of the room. Mr. Bunting approached the widow.

"I called to apologize," he said. "I was hasty yesterday. Had I known the gentleman was dear to you, I should have restrained my speech. I wish you happiness. I—"

"Don't, please!" cried the widow. "He's worse than you painted him. I've found him out. I hate him. As for me I never can be happy again."

"Not with your own Bunting?" cried the bachelor, sitting down beside her.

"I'm afraid not," said the widow.

"Are you sure?" asked Mr. Bunting.

"No—not quite," said Mrs. Hunter.

"Then marry me to-morrow, and try it. Do, oh, do!"

Mrs. Hunter sobbed and consented. After having had a white corded silk made up and trimmed with real lace, at fifteen dollars a yard, it was too bad not to figure as a bride after all. She married bachelor Bunting, and was very happy.

It is well perhaps that she had not the fairy gift of the invisible cap, and did not put it on and follow Mr. Bunting to the mysterious recesses in rear of a theatre, whither he took his way after parting from the widow on the night of his engagement.

There he met a little girl, small but old looking, the same indeed who had claimed the professor as her lost papa, and this is what he said to her:

"Here is the money I promised you, my child, and you acted the thing exceedingly well. I know that by the effect you produced. She believes that he's a married man, and he can't prove to the contrary. I knew you'd be able to act it out, when I saw you play the deserted child in that tragedy."

Then twenty-five dollars were counted into the little brown hand, and bachelor Bunting walked off triumphant. To this day his wife does not know the truth, but alludes to poor innocent Professor La Fontaine as that wicked Frenchman.

FALLING OVER A WHEELBARROW.—If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it when you are through with it, in front of the house, with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man would fall over a wheelbarrow when he would never think of falling over anything else; he never knows when he has got through falling over it either, for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive-looking object there is, but is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.

"You may say what you darn please," said Bill Muggins, speaking of a deceased comrade; "Jake was a good boy—he was, and a great hunter," continued Bill; "but he was the meanest man that ever breathed in the State, and he played one of the sharpest tricks you ever heard of, and I'll tell you how it was. I was out shootin' with him one mornin'. I tell you duck was plenty! and other game we despised so long as we could see duck. Jake he was too mean to blaze away unless he could put down two or three at a shot. Jake often was blowin' me up for wastin' shot and powder so; but I didn't care—I blazed away. Well, somehow or other, while fussin' around the boat, my powder-flask fell overboard in about sixteen feet of water, which was as clear as good gin, and I could see the flask lay at the bottom. Jake being a good swimmer, also diver, he said he'd fetch her up, and in a minit he was in. Well, I waited quite a considerable time for him to come up; then I looked over the side for old Jake. Good Jerusalem! there sat old Jake on a pile of oyster shells, pourin' the powder out of my flask into his'n. Wasn't that mean?"

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

TERMS : INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Address, GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Publisher,
Montreal, P. Q.

usually to counterbalance the small advantage. However, the Bank of England makes a profit of about £2,000 in each million by this method of halfpence per ounce.

EUREKA.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Whom I crown with love is royal;
Matters not her blood or birth;
She is queen, and I am loyal
To the noblest of the earth.
Neither place, nor wealth, nor title,
Lacks the man my friendship owns;
His distinction, true and vital,
Shines supreme o'er crowns and thrones.
Where true love bestows its sweetness,
Where true friendship lays its hand,
Dwells all greatness, all completeness,
All the wealth of every land.
Man is greater than condition,
And where man himself bestows,
He begets and gives positions.
To the gentlest that he knows.

Neither miracle nor fable
Is the water changed to wine;
Lords and ladies at my table
Prove Love's simplest fare divine.
And if these accept my duty,
If the loved my homage own,
I have won all worth and beauty;
I have found the magic stone.

WINONA:

OR,

THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

OF PETERBORO, ONT.

Author of "The Silver Christmas Eve," "Wrecked; or, the Rosclerras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. FENNEL.

"A telegram for you, sir."

Archie wrote his name in the book, and the messenger departed at a run, clattering down stairs with that rush and tumult that is only known to boys, and Archie stood for a moment looking at the printed envelope as men do look at an unexpected telegram.

It is a curious fact that one never for a moment presupposes that the winged words can have any but a dire meaning. There is a proverb to hand down the fact that "ill news travels fast," but it hardly says much for human nature that joyous tidings generally lag along the road, and is so bemused and ill-treated by envious tongues upon the way that half its gay plumage is gone before it flutters into our bosoms.

One is never too anxious to end one's suspense by reading the words that may be so terrible, and Archie opened the envelope very slowly, stopping in the operation to wonder and speculate concerning its contents. At length it was spread open, and he read as follows:

"A Mr. Harold Macer called to-day with intelligence of Winona. He saw her on the night of the —, at the depot, purchasing a ticket for Toronto. Take this to Fennel, and telegraph if any clue arises."

Archie's face expressed relief and surprise. "Macer," he thought, "why that must be Spooner's friend. The name is almost unique so far as I know. How on earth did the fellow find his way down there?"

He kept wondering about Macer as he strode away to look for Fennel, who was one of those useful growths of modern society written of in novels, scoffed at by a thankless public, and working brain and body day and night for a very trifling need of fame or fortune, in other words, a detective.

Fennel was not to be found in his usual places of resort, and from a taciturn policeman, in charge of an elderly gentleman afflicted with quite a painful mania for instructing himself as to the flight of the rosy hours by the aid of other people's gold repeaters, playfully abstracted from their pockets, he learned that Fennel had gone home early, as there was "nothing on hand much just at present," and so Archie walked off to a certain cottage on a quiet part of Yonge Street, where dwelt Fennel amid his humble lares and Penates.

Archie walked briskly, as the evening was cold, a biting wind blowing from the lake, and the early stars glittering as they only do in the winter. He met crowds of pedestrians. Business men hurrying home to dinner; enthusiasts in skating, with pink cheeks and dazzling eyes, tripping home from the rinks, dainty in rich furs and velvet, their cavaliers gallantly carrying skates that might have been used in Fairy Land, if that enchanted clime had been favorable to the production of glare ice; laboring men striding along with cheerful faces, and eyes that were not dull with famine, to snug homes where there was peace and plenty; pale-browed mechanics, with thoughtful, but not

careworn, faces, quickening their steps as the fresh wind dashed against them, and lent an edge to the anticipation of the cheerful meal and welcome for the part awaiting them.

The first snow had fallen the night before, and the silvery jingle of the sleigh-bells made the crisp air alive, as sleighs, cutters, carioles dashed past in endless succession, heaped up with costly furs, and drawn by steeds that seemed to scorn the ground, as, with tossing heads and steaming nostrils, their hoofs dashed up the powdery snow as they flew past. Wood-racks went creaking past, great wheat sleighs drawn by noble teams of stout farm horses, and bands of rosy light streamed across the white road from cheerful windows, aglow with fire and lamplight.

The whole air was full of life and exhilaration. Wretched little boys with toboggans whooped

Mr. Fennel, a young, middle-sized man, with dark eyes and a plain, pleasant, refined face, looked a trifle chagrined.

"So you've got the first clue, I suppose," he said, pushing open a door. "Please step in. We boast only one sitting-room," and with a pleasant smile he ushered Archie into the apartment with the bow-window.

"My dear," said Mr. Fennel, looking at the young lady in the rocking-chair, who was very pretty and wore a very new and bright plain gold ring on her wedding finger. "My dear, this gentleman has called on business. Would you mind lending us your apartment for a little?"

Mrs. Fennel didn't in the least, and with a pretty, gracious little bow and smile, she opened a door that gave a peep into a tiny gem of a kitchen, a galaxy of shining pans, a shrine,



"VALERIE'S TELEGRAM."

and yelled in by-streets as they took advantage of every little declivity to rush pell-mell under the runners of vehicles, greeted emphatically but not cordially by the hurried drivers; and the frozen gutters were covered with other youths in party-colored comforters and fur caps pulled over their chubby heads, skating and sliding and yelling after the time-honored custom of boys.

Archie ascended the steps of a small white brick house, with a brass knocker as bright as a planet, and a bow-window with a crimson damask curtain looped back from it inside, giving a glimpse of a flower-stand bright with blossoms, and a plain, cheerful little room, with a tea-table set in the glow of the fire, and a pretty young woman in a rocking-chair, swaying softly to and fro, and smiling at some invisible person, whose shadow danced, misty and gigantic, on the wall and ceiling.

Archie knocked, and presently a breath of warm, perfumed air rushed out, as the door opened and a young man appeared on the threshold.

The light from the hall-lamp fell on the face of the visitor, and he recognized him at once.

"Ah, good evening, Captain Frazer," he said in a tone of some surprise; "come in, pray."

"I missed you down town," explained Archie, coming into the little warm, matted hall, with its pretty hat-rack and umbrella-stand of bird's-eye maple, and a warmly tinted chromo of one of Landseer's subjects, "and I was obliged to look you up here."

dainty and neat, of the culinary art, and closing it behind her, left the two men alone.

There was a cottage piano in the room, with music on it, a sewing-machine, and a neat bookcase and escritoire in one. An ingrain carpet and cane furniture of maple, and some pretty engravings, amongst which was the "Black Brunswicker," and the bow-window was full of blossoms and foliage. To be sure you could smell the biscuits baking for tea in the next room quite distinctly, and the perfume of the musk plant mingled with the odor of sausages, that could be heard faintly fizzing in the same apartment, but for all that there was a light about the place that did not alone proceed from lamp or fire.

"Well, now," said Mr. Fennel, placing a chair for Archie, "let me hear your news, for of course you have some, or you would not be here."

"Not much," said Archie, seating himself, "I don't build on it at all, still it may serve as a slight clue. Read for yourself."

He handed the telegram to Fennel, who sat down beside the lamp on the tea-table and read it carefully.

To tell the truth, Mr. Fennel was not at all like the recognized type of detective. He wasn't middle-aged, he wasn't gray-headed, he wasn't particularly reserved or quiet. He had a cheerful face, with a frank and cordial smile, and on the whole he resembled somewhat a young French *militaire* of the present day. His eyes were large, bright and pleasing, his

manners graceful and self-possessed, his dress carefully attended to.

A song for a tenor voice lay open on the piano, and a mellow-looking violin rested on the music-rack.

It was curious to observe, as Archie did, how his face concentrated as he read the telegram. His dark brows fell over his eyes until the latter lurked brightly in a deep shadow. His features grew sharper, his lips became thinner and more compressed. In an instant of time he looked older by a half-score of years.

"This Mr. Macer," he said, looking up, "is he a friend of yours?"

"Not at all," replied Archie. "I recollect seeing him, in passing, at the Rossin about a fortnight since. I believe he was staying in town for a short time."

"He was," said Mr. Fennel quietly. "I have the honor to be slightly acquainted with him. Great at billiards, eh?"

"Yes, so I understand," said Archie, calling to mind Spooner's remarks on the subject.

"I don't profess to understand this turn of affairs," remarked Fennel, folding up the telegram and looking at Archie from under his dark brows. "Here Macer said the girl bought a ticket for Toronto. Now, why did she not use it?"

"You think she didn't?"

"I'm certain of it. I've had all the depôts closely watched, and most assuredly she never reached the city by rail, or any other means, I believe," asserted Mr. Fennel quietly; "ergo, she must have changed her mind and gone in a different direction. That, perhaps, is not unlikely." He looked intently at Captain Frazer, who, to a certain extent, had let him work on completely in the dark as to the probable reason of Winona's flight, merely telling him that it was of vital importance that she should be discovered.

"That is not likely," replied Archie, decidedly. "I am convinced that nothing would turn her from endeavoring to return whence she came, and she was not sufficiently civilized to map out any very perfect plan of eluding pursuit. I am afraid she escaped the observation of your men."

Mr. Fennel looked pityingly at the young officer.

"My dear sir," he said, "that is almost an impossibility; but the time has now arrived, when I claim it as my due, that you should be perfectly candid with me concerning this affair. You see," he continued, as Archie rose in some agitation and walked to the fire, thus hiding his face from his observation, though the bright eyes of the other watched him curiously, "you have placed me at a signal disadvantage. I am in the position of a mole, working in the dark."

"It can't be helped," said Archie, almost brusquely. "I have given you all the information that is necessary to your object."

The words sounded almost rudely and Mr. Fennel's face expressed some slight accession of curiosity. He never lost his temper. His profession led him chiefly amongst persons and scenes that were not apt to be too suave and polished. A man smarting under some exquisite piece of roguery, or the victim of a daring robbery, spends little time on turning his sentences politely.

"Very well," replied Mr. Fennel, promptly, "I must decline having anything further to do with the business. In justice to myself, you understand, Captain Frazer."

Archie glanced at him and saw at once that he was quite in earnest. At the same time he knew that Fennel was highly thought of in his calling, in which he was remarkably successful, and he rapidly weighed in his mind the risk of taking him thoroughly into his confidence. "Were I not tolerably certain that she had passed through Toronto and escaped quite beyond our reach into her native forests, I should have no objection to confiding in you," he said, "of course under a promise of inviolable secrecy."

"That is understood," said Fennel, smiling a little; "but on my part I feel convinced that she never reached Toronto. Toronto is not Paris, New York, or London, and she is of too remarkable an appearance to have escaped us."

He seemed thoroughly convinced of the truth of what he said, and Archie was silent for a moment, endeavoring to bring his mind to some decisive course. Mr. Fennel sat looking at the fire quite aware of the struggle going on in the breast of his visitor, and speculating as to how it would terminate. Keen-sighted as he was, his thoughts had wronged Archie considerably about the affair, and he was prepared for some disclosure that would certainly not redound much to his credit. People were not generally so anxious to conceal matters wherein they held themselves blameless, and this inexplicable flight of the beautiful Indian girl, and Archie's keen anxiety for her discovery bore, in his mind, but one construction.

"Well, Mr. Fennel," said Archie, at length, "if you cannot proceed without it, I must, I suppose, take on me the responsibility of telling you as much of the history of the affair as you require."

Fennel bowed.

"Are we secure from intrusion here?" asked Captain Frazer, thinking of pretty Mrs. Fennel, in the kitchen beyond.

"Perfectly," replied the detective, and going to the door he addressed a few words to his wife, and then came back to his seat, and turned to Archie with an air of expectation.

About half an hour afterwards, he ushered Archie out, and coming back, went to the escritoire, pulled out a time-table and examined it attentively. Then consulted his watch, and

putting it back in his pocket, opened the kitchen door and called, "Grace!" and Mrs. Fennel tripped a little flushed with the cooking of sausages, exceedingly pretty and pleasant to look upon notwithstanding.

The detective put his arm round her slender waist. "It's too bad, Grace, pet," he said, lugubriously, "but I've just half an hour to eat my supper and bid you good night."

"And you only came home yesterday from Ottawa, Jack!" said Grace, with the faintest little quiver of voice and lip, and then her housewifely instincts told her to think of his supper, and presently the biscuits and sausages were steaming on the round table beside the fire, and Grace was looking with sober, brown eyes at her husband as he ate his hurried meal.

"When shall you be home, dear?" she said, as she poured him out his tea.

"To-morrow, I hope, love," said Fennel, "Gracie, another woman would not say, when will you be home? but, where are you going?" and he laughed, as he looked at her, a short laugh of extreme pleasure.

"I don't care to know anything, Jack, but just that," said Gracie, softly, "when you are away I keep thinking about your being at home again, and I don't feel lonely."

"You won't be lonesome to-night," said Fennel, "uncle Ferdinand is sure to drop in, and he's jolly company. Now I'm off, my precious pet."

So he was presently, and when she had watched his dark form disappear down the white road, Gracie Fennel went back to her solitary fireside, and stood looking down into the cheerful blaze for a few minutes.

"What a cold night it must be!" she said, with a strong shudder. "I feel chilled to the heart. Someway, I feel strangely about my boy going away to-night. My heart is cold and flutters."

But presently, moving to and fro, washing and arranging the tea things in the little kitchen, she was her own bright self again, and being a resolute little woman, when her household cares were over, she sat down at the piano for what she called "a good practice;" but strangely enough, she found herself playing sad old airs, and her fingers straying into weird, walling chords, that might have been the voices of ghostly shades flitting by the banks of the Styx. Finding out this, with something like terror, she selected one of Beethoven's knottiest sonatas, and resolutely set herself to interpreting the melody, but though her mind and fingers were fully occupied with its intricacies the same chill, and third sense as it were, clung about her and would not be banished. She closed the instrument, and went back to her rocking-chair by the fire; and for the first time during her brief married life, felt thoroughly miserable, in the cosy solitude of her pretty room; and when uncle Ferdinand rapped at the door, a little shrivelled old gentleman escorting a portly violin in a green-baize cover, her heart leaped for joy, and she welcomed him almost rapturously.

"So Jack's away, is he?" said uncle Ferdinand, "dear me, I thought we'd have got a chance to-night at that trio of Bach's. I never felt in better play, Gracie, as firm as a rock and full of fire."

"He'll be back to-morrow," said Grace, confidently, "and then uncle, we shall have a pleasant evening."

"I hope so," said uncle Ferdinand. "What a pity such a fine fellow as Jack, should be at such a risky, uncertain business. Dangerous too, for the most part I've heard, but he's as courageous as a lion, I will say, though he is my nephew."

"Uncle," said Gracie, sitting up and looking at him with a face like one of the snow-wreaths without, "I never heard you say so before. Why do you speak so to-night? Do you know of any danger threatening him?"

"Bless the child," ejaculated uncle Ferdinand, "How should I know anything about him. Gracie! are you going to faint?" for Grace lent back with closed eyes in her chair.

"Bless me, I'd better play her something," ejaculated the old gentleman, much disturbed, and seizing his violin, he began to play, looking at her round the instrument with much anxiety to observe the effects of his novel remedy upon her.

Gracie opened her eyes and smiled, and delighted beyond expression uncle Ferdinand nodded gaily, winding up with rapturous thrilling and quivering of the strings, that was like the audible dancing of a thousand butterflies.

"The true panacea for most ills of mind or body is music," he said. "If I were wealthy I should certainly endow an hospital to be called the 'Ferdinand Music-cure.' Ah! what a loss to mankind it is that the originators of vast ideas such as mine, should almost be as poor as Job. Are you quite well now, Gracie, my dear?"

"Quite well, uncle," she said, soberly; but her rare gravity clung to her all the evening, though uncle Ferdinand, sitting by the fire like some old wizard of sweet sounds, played in his best style, and wandered intoxicated with melody, through a maze that separated him, for the time, from the natural world, and led his feet close to the borders of radiant spheres, whence celestial harmonies answered his magic strains.

He was a rare musician, one of those gems that lie hidden in most cities, either not confident enough to issue from their retirement, or so absorbed in their art as to forget all beside.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STATION MASTER'S STORY.

"No such person passed through on that, or any other night," said the station-master, positively, "of that I'm perfectly sure."

His questioner was Mr. Fennel, and the two men were standing in the grey dawn on the platform of the little depot of—on the morning following the departure of the latter from Toronto.

It was an insignificant stopping-place where the trains merely paused for wood and water, and such passengers as might possibly wish to embark; and the station-master was a young man who suffered fearful things from ennui, and was delighted at an opportunity of a chat with a well-dressed stranger.

"You must be a smart fellow," remarked Mr. Fennel, in a tone of admiration, "to be able to speak so positively on such a subject. How do you do it, on earth?"

A smile of conscious superiority flickered on the rubicund countenance of his interlocutor, and he looked approvingly at the detective.

"I don't do it," he said, patronisingly, "it's a talent, you know. I can remember any face I've ever seen."

"A gift shared by most great men," said Mr. Fennel, hiding his sparkling eyes in a cloud of cigar smoke. "Wasn't it Alexander the Great who knew the faces of all the soldiers in his great army? Have a cigar?"

"Don't care if I do," said the other, graciously. "Come into the office. How did you manage to get left behind?"

"Foolishly enough. I got out of the cars to stretch my limbs, and thinking that the stoppage time was twenty minutes I wandered too far, and was left behind. What time does the next down train pass?"

"At 9.20. Guess we'll be froze if we don't get under cover. Come right in."

He pushed open the door of his den, an eight-by-seven apartment, lighted by a smoky coal-oil lamp, but with a brisk fire burning in the rusty box-stove; and making for the wood-box, he thrust more fuel into the fire and pulled forward two wooden arm-chairs, for the accommodation of himself and his guest. A coffee-pot was shimmering fragrantly on the damper of the stove; and the change from the keen air of early morning without, was pleasant in the extreme.

"Sit right down," he said hospitably; "too bad you missed your train."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Fennel, flinging off his great coat. "I'm in no great hurry, and it looks first-rate here. So that I get into Montreal to-night, I guess our folks won't grumble."

"I'd trade situations any day," said the station-master, discontentedly. "You drummers have good times of it flying around the country. How would you like to be boxed up here week after week, roused from your Christian sleep every hour or two by the howling of them hungry engines. I'd as lief join a circus to tend the lions."

"It must be awfully stupid for a young fellow of spirit," said Fennel, sympathisingly. "How do you get along at all?"

"In the summer I raise prize tomatoes and cabbages in flower-pots," replied his host. "They don't ever take any prizes, but it's something to look forward to, you know."

"And in the winter, now?" suggested Mr. Fennel, "what do you do in such weather as this?"

"I study physiognomy," replied the youthful station-master, with a grim smile. "I make myself acquainted, sir, with the worst emotions of our very unpleasant nature, as written, sir, upon the human countenances of the passengers, up and down."

"Then you are a thinker?" remarked Mr. Fennel, looking respectfully at the skull development of his new acquaintance, which closely resembled what old-country housewives were wont to term a "skillet," otherwise, a small, round pot.

"I am proud to say I am. My name, sir, is Archelaus Simkins. You have probably studied classic lore, sir?"

"Well, yes, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Fennel, modestly.

"Well, sir, in classic lore there is, as you are aware, mentioned an elderly person of an uncertain temper, who felt the hollowness and vanity of all human things, profoundly, sir, and shewed his contempt of the world by residing in a common domestic washing-tub. Effective, sir, but trying to the spine, I should say."

"Decidedly," assented Fennel. "I presume you allude to Diogenes."

"Sir, you apprehend me correctly, sir. In me you behold a second Diogenes! I am at two with the world and the times, though, perhaps, you would not suspect it from my appearance?"

"No, certainly not," said Fennel, surveying his chubby countenance with twinkling eyes. Mr. Simkins smiled sardonically, and waved his hand round his limited apartment.

"Of course, I could not call upon you to believe that the room in which we are now seated, is actually a tub, but, sir, Diogenes had every right to be a balm philanthropist compared with me, I assure you."

"How is that, may I ask?" inquired Fennel.

"You may, sir. In me you behold the Lacrosse ball of Fortune," replied Mr. Simkins in a tone of profound melancholy. "A malign fate pursues me, even amongst my tomatoes and cabbages and your inquiries, sir, about the lovely child of the red skins, who has so unkindly fled from the protection of your venerable grandmother opens afresh, a wound, sir, that is not yet done bleeding."

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure," said Mr. Fennel suddenly, bending his brows over his brilliant eyes, and "concentrating" his glance on his companion from the shade of that pent-house. "Would it be intruding on your confidence to ask in what manner?"

"Sir, in you I see a mind of rare grasp and power," said Mr. Simkins, solemnly, "and naturally my soul meets yours in the realms of sympathy. I will confide in you, sir."

Mr. Fennel bowed to the compliment; and Mr. Simkins continued feelingly.

"The harpy-winged fate, sir, that blights the innocent tomato and cabbage plants in my flower-pots, pursues the roses of my existence. Do you observe a slight swelling and discoloration about my left eye?"

"Now that you speak of it, I do," answered Fennel, looking at the pale, blue orb in question, "but it isn't very remarkable."

"It was a dire spectacle one short week ago," said Mr. Archelaus Simkins. "It resulted, sir, from the treachery of a fair, but treacherous woman and goddess of classic lore, sir, with the heart of a 'Fierce Mermaid,' as Tennyson so beautifully puts it."

"She must have a fine biceps," remarked Fennel, smiling despite his efforts to look sympathetic. "A lover's quarrel, I suppose."

"A tragic ending to a glorious dream," said Mr. Simkins, looking into the coffee-pot to see if it were boiling; "but," he continued, darkly, "it is not all over yet. Ha! the lion is aroused and before his tail ceases to wag, there will be mischief! Take heed, take heed Seraphina Brown, take heed, Robinson Jones!" Mr. Simkins fell in his chair, and sneered at a time-table hanging opposite.

"Were it not for the interference of a stranger with a black beard and an arm of iron, I would have had his life on the spot," he said. "Yes, sir, Robinson Jones would have now been in a land of spectres and Seraphina a lovely relic, a blighted blossom!" said Archelaus sentimentally.

"One short fortnight ago, I was engaged to Seraphina," he continued in low intense tones, "and I was happy! What was it to me that her parents favored Robinson Jones. Like Romeo and Juliet, we laughed at such trifles, or at least I did, for alas! Seraphina nourished the serpent of deceit in her faithless bosom. What were my feelings when amid the passengers on the very train your inquiries were about, I recognized Seraphina, her lovely countenance framed in orange-blossoms, while beside her sat Robinson Jones in a new suit and hat as black as his own base soul! I said not a word, and Seraphina laughed in my face. 'Let's be friends all around,' says Jones; but I withered him with a look. Presently he got out of the car to buy candy for Seraphina, and the spectacle of the double-dyed villain ministering to her wants at the candy-stall possessed my breast with a sublime fury. I forgot the duties of my office. I forgot all earthly things but my rival, and I pitched into him, sir, with a sensation of intense joy. I would have slain him on the spot, but at this moment I felt a grasp of iron on my arm, and I was torn from my prey by the stranger with the immense black beard, and before I had time to understand things, Jones had fled to the arms of Seraphina, and the train had carried him from the reach of my vengeance. Sir, fancy if you can, my sensations. I turned to assault the stranger, but he was calmly perusing a poster just put up, describing the young lady you mention."

"Well," said Mr. Fennel, much interested in the tale of woe poured forth by Archelaus, "what did you do then?"

"I looked at him," said Mr. Simkins solemnly, "and being convinced that in some cases matter is superior to mind, I felt my eye, which had come in contact with Jones' fist, and came into the office here, in order to calm my tempestuous feelings. Presently the door opened and in walked the stranger. 'When does the next down train pass?' he said in a slow low kind of voice. 'I've missed this one,' I told him, and he walked out again and went to reading the poster."

"This was on the night-express from Toronto?" said Fennel, whose interest in the recital of his sorrows flattered Mr. Simkins vastly. "Does no train pass up at the same time, and might you not have missed seeing the girl in the confusion?"

"No, trains don't pass here, and the next one wasn't due for hours," replied Mr. Simkins. "She wasn't on it, and you may be sure, on reading the poster I kept a good look-out for her. Your grandmother must be very fond of her, sir?"

"Very," said Mr. Fennel, looking in through the open door of the stove at the blazing fire. "But what happened to your black-bearded friend?"

"He, and a lame Indian boy, took tickets for Scranton, and went on by the next train. The poor red-skin must have walked a good bit to the station for he seemed hardly able to crawl. He was blind of an eye, and as sickly a looking case as you'd see. They went," continued Mr. Simkins, relapsing into sentiment, "and left me to nurse my wrath in the cradle of indignation. You seem to find the room too warm, sir?"

Mr. Fennel had grown very red in the face, and answered that he did find it rather close, whereupon Mr. Simkins flung wide the door, and soon reduced the temperature. At the same moment the telegraph apparatus began clicking and he had to leave his guest to attend its signals.

"A well-spent morning," said Mr. Fennel, with a little smile. "So Mr. Macer, you did not see her here, and you went to Scranton instead of

Montreal. I think I've a clue now, worth having. Gracie, my dear, I won't be with you to-day, my pet, or perhaps to-morrow."

All which was, as a mental soliloquy, quite inaudible to Mr. Archelaus Simkins.

CHAPTER XXII.

A STRANGE BETROTHAL.

"What is going on to-night?" said Denville, as the footman flung wide open the door of one of the stateliest houses in or about Montreal, and welcomed his master with a start of surprise.

"Good evening, sir," said the man, respectfully. "Mrs. Denville has a dinner party and a reception afterwards. Shall I let her know that you have arrived, sir?"

"Not at present. Tell some of them to see to my luggage. I shall go to my room. How have you all been during my absence?"

"Very well, thank you, sir, excepting the baby's loss. He's been pinin' like, but he looks first-rate now, and feeds as it would do you good to see him, sir. You're not looking very well yourself, sir."

"I'm quite well, thank you, Simon. A little tired, that's all. Is there a large party at dinner?"

"Not very, sir; there's Colonel Champlain and the Miss Champlains, and the Honorable Mr. Davenant and Major Skyer and Sir Bertram Ouseley, belonging to the new regiment, and Mr. Armor and some more ladies. That's all."

"Very well," said Theodore. "Pay the cabman and have my trunks sent to my room. I do not know whether I shall come down to-night."

At this moment a servant opened one valve of a lofty, arched folding-door, and came out, giving a brilliant glimpse of a magnificent room beyond, all dazzling light, glowing exotics, and glittering plate and crystal. An oval table occupied the centre of the apartment, and beyond the plateau Theodore could see the stately form of his mother, speaking graciously to a pale, distinguished-looking young man, whom, with a savage grinding of his teeth, he recognized as Armor. Servants were moving silently about, and a faint hum, broken frequently by silvery ripples of laughter, proclaimed that dullness certainly was not a guest at the board.

Like figures in a dream, he noted the flower-crowned heads of the girls and the faces of the men; but Armor's was painfully vivid and real, and seemed to shine out from amongst the others.

The great vestibule was very softly lighted, so that Theodore escaped the observation of the party, and as the door closed again he turned away and walked slowly towards the wide staircase, lighted by alabaster lamps held by laughing nymphs in bronze, their dusky beauties flung out well from the rosy-tinted walls behind them.

He passed the drawing-rooms, silent enchanted vistas of deserted magnificence, softly lighted by chandeliers like crystal fountains, holding mellow wax-lights that gleamed like stars in a summer sky. The ruby tide of freelight flowed out over every object that could gratify the most refined or the most sumptuous taste. Statues rising from banks of rainbow bloom, great vases of porphyry, dropping cascades of stately blossoms and emerald foliage to the white carpets, that glowed here and there with a flower or leaf that looked as though dropped from the hand of summer herself. Great mirrors, with gilded Cupids hiding in the tangled vines with blossoms of enamel that framed them, and in the distance the glitter of a conservatory seen between great draperies of rose-silk, caught back by two Arab women in bronze and oxidized silver, copied from a pair made for Eugene. The glitter of a fountain amongst the oleanders, and the flutter of brilliant-winged tropical birds, in a great cage, almost a portable aviary of fine, gilt wire.

In a shadowy corner of the farther drawing-room there gleamed the frame of a harp, and by it, as still as the statue of Diana, with bow and crescent, behind her, sat a young woman in white, with jet black hair and a face as clearly cut and pale as ivory; and Theodore's step paused and his face changed seriously as he looked at her.

"Why not?" he said, with a smile of utter bitterness, and then he went in and walked noiselessly up beside her.

"Valerie!" he said, touching the ivory arm that rested on the rosy velvet of the low fauteuil on which she reclined.

"Ciel!" she said, with a slight start, and speaking in French. "Theodore, you alarmed me! I was even now thinking of you."

The greatest coxcomb could hardly have mistaken the simple friendliness of Valerie's voice and manner, as she put out her slender hand, and Theodore took it in his as frankly as it was given. Whatever and how great his failings might be, he certainly did not err on the side of personal vanity.

"How is it you are here alone?" he said, drawing a chair close to her; "but I am glad to secure you for a moment to myself," he added, "no matter from what cause."

"Thanks!" with a gay laugh that vibrated like fairy music from the harp at her side; "a bad headache detained me here, but it is gone now. Mamma did not expect you, Theodore, and it is undeniable that you look miserable. Eh! you have an appearance of illness, most extremely."

He glanced at an opposite mirror, and was forced to acknowledge that he did look rather ghastly, and a striking contrast to the woman

at his side, in her fresh, white dress, and the glowing Bejarla spray, clinging to the massive braids of her satin-glossy hair.

"I am not well," he confessed, but it is only a trifling indisposition, a thing of no moment." Valerie's brilliant black eyes travelled over his face, over his somewhat neglected dress, and her crimson lips, fine and firm, parted in a very faint smile. She put out her hand and touched his arm.

"Look at me, *mon sieur mon cousin*," she said, "and listen to me. Your words are not of the well of truth, *mon ami*. Ciel! I possess eyes and a soul."

Theodore was silent. He ground his teeth together and involuntarily clenched the hand that rested on the arm of her fauteuil.

Valerie's eyes glittered.

"I am right," she said triumphantly; "stay! without another word from you I can read the secret of your indisposition. In the first place, it is a mental ailment."

"Valerie, do not seek to know its origin," said Theodore bitterly. "You have ever had my confidence. You may surmise what the cause of my present annoyance is, but keep the secret to yourself, my cousin, as you value my friendship."

"My dear Theodore!"

"Valerie, do not look at me with such reproach. I am utterly miserable, and it only racks my soul to speak of its cause. How did that cursed *Armor* become a guest under this roof?"

Astonished beyond expression at the sudden ferocity with which Denville asked this question, Valerie looked at him in silence. She began to fear that her cousin was slightly insane.

"There," he said, with a short laugh, "I have alarmed you!"

"Do not apologise," said Valerie, quietly, "but explain. As the confidante and adviser of my cousin, he should not leave me to grope my way, perhaps to a false conclusion. What has this *Monsieur Armor* done to render himself so obnoxious to you?"

Denville's dark eyes absolutely glared like wells of fire.

"He is going to marry Olla Frazer," he said, "although these words were explanation sufficient."

Valerie raised her hand, on which gleamed a plain gold ring guarded by a hoop of blazing diamonds and emeralds, with a gesture of astonishment. A crimson spot stained the ivory of her cheeks, and for a moment she was speechless.

"The traitor!" she said at length, looking at Theodore with infinite compassion. "I had no idea that the evil I guessed at was so great."

There was a sensitive conscientiousness about Denville, a keen sense of honor, that would not, despite his rage, allow of his permitting Valerie to apply this epithet to his rival.

"I hate the man," he said, gloomily; "but, Valerie, he is blameless in so far as that he knew nothing of my hopes concerning Olla; but while I hate him with all the strength of my soul, I cannot hate her, traitress as she is."

Valerie leant back in her couch, and clasping her jewelled hands, looked earnestly at her cousin, as he gazed up the long vista of the room, with set teeth and lowering brows.

She was a thoroughly practical, warm-hearted, picturesque kind of woman, doing sweet home duties in a cordial, effective kind of way, that when she poured you out a cup of tea left you under the impression that she was a kindly Grace presiding at some celestial banquet, to which her radiant smiles lent its chiefest charm. She looked dainty and lovely as a poet's dream, leaning back, with the soft glow on her upturned face, and her liquid black eyes full of pensive light; but, in fact, she was trying to take a common-sense view of her cousin's case, either to give him comfort if it were past cure, or to seek the remedy if such existed.

There be no such potent panaceas for the woes of man, short of their removal, as a great deal of sympathy from one we love, and a few whispers of common sense from the goddess Reason. Valerie was prepared to give both. She was several years older than her cousin, and had a keener insight into his wayward, jealous, slightly unreasonable disposition than she permitted him to suppose. She knew of his affection for Olla, and had often urged him to make his love for her known to the young girl, but half-secure, half-diffident, Theodore had deferred seizing his happiness until now it had fled beyond his reach.

She knew Olla slightly, and had guessed from her speaking eyes and ingenuous face, that she loved Theodore, as Valerie, proud and fond of him as an elder sister, would have had him loved; hence these sudden tidings found her utterly unprepared for them.

"Tell me, Theodore," she said after a few moments' reflection. "How did you hear of *Miss Frazer's* engagement? From herself?"

"No," returned Denville, pulling his glossy moustache fiercely, as he recalled the scene, "Miss Bertrand, her whom we met at Murray Bay, you remember, told me of it. I had it from no one else."

Valerie sat up and looked at Theodore curiously. She had been in the fair Cecil's society sufficiently long to read with her keen eyes the poor little volume of that young lady's soul and character. Long enough to discover and laugh at the pretty little nets she was weaving for that well-gilded young "catch" of society, and she felt as suspicious of the truth of the information so received, as one would feel of the good-will accompanying a gift of red gold from the arch-enemy of mankind.

"*Bien!*" she said, laughing one of her rare, sudden little laughs, and clapping her little hands together. "Then I wager you my diamond locket that it is false."

Theodore started violently, and his face flushed deeply. He looked at his cousin, but he did not speak.

"My good Theodore!" she said, "but you are stupid. Miss Bertrand, was a skilful archer when she launched that shaft!"

"She is a simple-hearted little thing," said Theodore, "and besides, what object—?"

"True, she looks like one of Correggio's Angels, so innocent, so *spirituelle*. Her object? to secure a thoroughly eligible parti. It is done every day. These little lies that sting to death are told and never discovered until too late by those lied about or lied to. They are the recognized weapons of what the English term, match-makers."

"Valerie!"

"Theodore! Your Miss Cecil is a pretty little *intrigante*. Leave it to me to prove it."

"Valerie, this is not worthy of you! If you could only see her sweet gratitude to me for the risk I ran in saving her life when the boat upset at Murray Bay, her lovely nature so childish and pure, you would not wound your own nobility by speaking thus."

"Theodore," cried Valerie in sudden alarm, "have you been betrayed into thinking you could love that wicked little butterfly?"

"Love her?" said Denville, "oh, no, Valerie."

"Pardon me, *mon ami*," said Valerie softly. The exceeding desolate bitterness of Theodore's voice convinced her of the great hold, firmer than she had fancied, that Olla had on her cousin's fiery heart.

She felt confirmed in her opinion of Cecil's duplicity, but she saw how useless it would be to urge it then. She watched Theodore silently as he rose and paced the room, looking down frowningly at the carpet.

A look of set bitterness had aged and darkened his handsome face, and his lips curved as though in deadly scorn of himself and all the world. Its sternness softened a little as he paused before her chair and looked at her.

"Valerie," he said suddenly, "are you not yet persuaded that your infamous husband is dead? Do you still doubt the newspaper notice of his death in New Orleans?"

Certainly she had not been prepared for this question. Her face became white as marble, and she bent her head, coronetted with shining braids, against the carved back of the fauteuil.

"I still believe that he is alive," she said quietly. "Why do you ask me this to-night?"

"Because," said Theodore, "I am going to ask you to believe yourself the widow you are, and being free, become my wife."

She rose and faced him, leaning her hand on the back of the couch, reading him with her astonished eyes.

"Listen to me," he continued as he saw she was about to speak. "I love you dearly, my noble cousin, and from your hand I beg the boon of redemption of my life. I am standing on the brink of destruction and you alone can save me. I foresee for myself a few brief years of wildest dissipation in which I shall try to forget, for I know the weakness of my character, as no one else does. By becoming my wife, my loved and honored wife, Valerie! you can save me from this."

She knew how true his words were, and her very soul trembled in exceeding anguish.

"Ah," she exclaimed raising her beautiful eyes full of tears to his, "what have I done that this new trial is thrust upon me. Theodore, I cannot, dare not marry you. I am no widow."

"It is a strange idea that clings to you, dear Valerie," said Theodore, almost pityingly.

"I feel it as a solemn truth," she said, laying her left hand, with the marriage ring, over her heart, "and, Theodore, unworthy as he proved, I loved him."

"Forget him," said Denville, "morally or legally he has no claim to you. A felon and fugitive, he dare not breathe the very air with you. Valerie, once for all, will you save me or not?"

"Ungenerous!" exclaimed the young woman, sobbing faintly. "Why do you not say, Valerie Lennox, you owe my mother a debt of gratitude that nothing can repay. I command you to marry me. Oh, for once you fail to be yourself. You are ignoble!"

"Valerie," said Theodore, "if you do not marry me what shall I do, think you?"

His tone filled her with a great fear.

"I do not know," she said.

"I will go straight from this room to the street, and the first woman I meet, who is willing to take it, shall own the name of Denville."

"You are mad!" she cried, shrinking from him.

"I am mad," he answered slowly. "I know that I am. It has been creeping on me for days. But I am serious in my purpose, Valerie!"

"Your mother?" she said, looking at his blazing eyes with a shudder of terror.

His countenance changed.

"Will you promise," he asked, and put out his hand to lift his cap, which he had inadvertently carried into the room.

She sprang to him and caught his arm.

"Rash boy," she cried, "I promise to become your wife in one short week if you should still wish it."

"Thank you, Valerie," he said simply, "you alone have power to save me."

"Go and lie down, Theodore," she said, looking anxiously at his sunken eyes and hectic flushed cheeks, "and sleep if you can. Your mother and her guests will be here in a few moments,

and she would be inexpressibly shocked to see how ill you are looking." He lifted her hand to his lips and left the room. She went out into the corridor and watched him ascend the wide stairs towards his own apartments.

Then she came back and stood for a moment in deep thought.

"The boy is frightfully in earnest," she said with a deeply drawn sigh. "Should the worst come, I must sacrifice myself on the shrine of gratitude. Stay! I have an idea."

She rang the bell, and Simon answered the summons.

"I wish to send Pierre to the Telegraph Office, send him to the library in five minutes."

"Very well, Madame."

The message Pierre bore to the office was this:—

"Mrs. Frazer, I shall be with you to-morrow night on business of importance."

VALERIE LENNOX.

(To be continued.)

A KISS AT THE DOOR.

We are standing in the doorway—

My little wife and I—

The golden sun upon her hair

Fell down so silently.

A small white hand upon my arm,

What could I ask for more

Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,

As she kissed me at the door?

Who cares for wealth, or land, or gold,

Or fame, or matchless power?

It does not give the happiness

Of just one little hour

With one who loves me as her life—

And says "she loves me more"—

And I thought she did this morning,

As she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems that all the world,

With all its wealth and gold,

Is very poor and small indeed

Compared with what I hold!

And when the clouds hang grim and dark

I only wait the more

For one who waits my coming step

To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter

The frost upon her head,

I know she'll love me just the same

As the morning we were wed;

But if the angels call her,

And she goes to Heaven before,

I shall know her when I meet her,

For she'll kiss me at the door.

IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Forty days in the great desert of the sea—
forty nights camped under cloud-canopies, with
the salt dust of the waves drifting over us.
Sometimes a Bedouin sail flashed for an hour
upon the distant horizon, and then faded, and
we were alone again; sometimes the west, at
sunset, looked like a city with towers, and we
bore down upon its glorified walls, seeking a
haven; but a cold grey morning dispelled the
illusion, and our hearts sank back into the illi-
mitable sea, breathing a long prayer for deliv-
erance.

Once a green oasis blossomed before us—a
garden in perfect bloom, girded about with
creaming waves; within its coral cincture pen-
dulous boughs trailed in the glassy waters; from
its hidden bowers spiced airs stole down upon
us; above all, the triumphant palm trees clashed
their melodious branches like a chorus with
cymbals; yet from the very gates of this para-
dise a changeful current swept us onward, and
the happy isle was buried in night and dis-
tance.

In many volumes of adventure I had read of
sea-perils: I was at last to learn the full inter-
pretation of their picturesque horrors. Our little
craft, the *Petrel*, had buffeted the boisterous
waves for five long weeks. Fortunately, the
bulk of her cargo was edible: we feared neither
famine nor thirst. Moreover, in spite of the
continuous gale that swept us out of our reckon-
ing, the *Petrel* was in excellent condition, and,
as far as we could judge, we had no reason to
lose confidence in her. It was the grey weather
that tried our patience and found us wanting: it
was the unparalleled pitching of the ninety-ton
schooner that disheartened and almost dismem-
bered us. And then it was wasting time at sea.
Why were we not long before at our journey's
end? Why were we not threading the vales of
some savage island, reaping our rich reward of
ferns and shells and gorgeous butterflies?

The sea rang its monotonous changes—fair
weather and foul, days like death itself, followed
by days full of the revelations of new life, but
mostly days of deadly dullness, when the sea
was as unpoetical as an eternity of cold suds
and bluing.

I cannot always understand the logical fitness
of things, or, rather, I am at a loss to know why
some things in life are so unit and illogical. Of
course, in our darkest hour, when we were
gathered in the confines of the *Petrel's* dimi-
nutive cabin, it was our duty to sing psalms of
hope and cheer, but we didn't. It was a time
for mutual encouragement: very few of us were
self-sustaining, and what was to be gained by
our combining in unanimous despair?

Our weather-beaten skipper—a thing of clay
that seemed utterly incapable of any expression
whatever, save in the slight facial contortion
consequent to the mechanical movement of his
lower jaw—the skipper sat, with barometer in
hand, eyeing the fatal finger that pointed to our
doom: the rest of us were lashed to the legs of
the centre-table, glad of any object to fix our
eyes upon, and nervously awaiting a turn in the
state of affairs, that was then by no means en-
couraging.

I happened to remember that there were
some sealed letters to be read from time to time
on the passage out, and it occurred to me that
one of the times had come, perhaps the last and
only, wherein I might break the remaining
seals and receive a sort of parting visit from the
fortunate friends on shore.

I opened one letter and read these prophetic
lines: "Dear child,"—she was twice my age,
and privileged to make a pet of me,—"dear
child, I have a presentiment that we shall
never meet again in the flesh."

That dear girl's intuition came near to being
the death of me: I shuddered where I sat, over-
come with remorse. It was enough that I had
turned my back on her and sought consola-
tion in the treacherous bosom of the ocean—
that, having failed to find the spring of immor-
tal life in human affection, I had packed up and
emigrated, content to fly the ills I had in search
of change; but that parting shot, below the
waterline as it were, that was more than I
asked for, and something more than I could
stomach. I returned to watch with the rest of
our little company, who clung about the table
with a pitiful sense of momentary security, and
an expression of pathetic condolence on every
countenance, as though each were sitting out
the last hours of the others.

Our particular bane that night was a crusty
old sea-dog whose memory of wrecks and ma-
rine disasters of every conceivable nature was
as complete as an encyclopedia. This "old
man of the sea" spun his tempestuous yarn with
fascinating composure, and the whole company
was awed into silence with the haggard realism
of his narrative. The cabin must have been
air-tight—it was as close as possible—yet we
heard the shrieking of the wind as it tore through
the rigging, and the long hiss of the waves rush-
ing past us with lightning speed. Sometimes
an avalanche of foam buried us for a moment,
and the *Petrel* trembled like a living thing
stricken with sudden fear: we seemed to be
hanging on the crust of a great bubble that was,
sooner or later, certain to burst and let us drop
into its vast, black chasm, where in Cimmerian
darkness we should be entombed for ever.

The scenic effect, as I then considered, was
unnecessarily vivid: as I now recall it, it seems
to me strictly in keeping and thoroughly dram-
atic. At any rate, you might have told us a
dreadful story with almost fatal success.

I had still one letter left—one bearing this
suggestive legend: "To be read in the saddest
hour." Now, if there is a sadder hour in all
time than the hour of hopeless and friendless
death, I care not to know of it. I broke the
seal of my letter, feeling that something charit-
able and cheering would give me strength. A
few dried leaves were stored within it. The
faint fragrance of summer bowers reassured
me: somewhere in the blank world of waters
there was land, and there Nature was kind and
fruitful: out over the fearful deluge this leaf
was borne to me in the return of the invisible
dove my heart had sent forth in its extremity.
A song was written therein, perhaps a song of
triumph: I could now silence the clamorous
tongue of our sea-monster, who was glutting us
with tales of horror, for a jubilee was at hand,
and here was the first note of its trumpets.

I read:

Beyond the parting and the meeting

I shall be soon:

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,

I shall be soon.

I paused. A night black with creaking ravens,
brooding over a slimy hulk, through whose
warped timbers the sea oozed—that was the
sort of picture that arose before me. I looked
farther for a crumb of comfort:

Beyond the gathering and the strewing

I shall be soon:

Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,

Beyond the coming and the going,

I shall be soon.

A tide of ice-water seemed rippling up and
down my spinal column: the marrow congealed
within my bones. But I recovered. When a
man has supped full of horror, and there is no
immediate climax, he can collect himself and
be comparatively brave. A reaction restored
my soul.

Once more the melancholy chronicler of the
ill-fated *Petrel* resumed his lugubrious narra-
tive. I resolved to listen, while the skipper
eyed the barometer, and we all rocked back and
forth in search of the centre of gravity, looking
like a troupe of mechanical blockheads nodding
in idiotic unison. All this time the little craft
drifted helplessly, "hove to," in the teeth of the
gale.

The sea-dog's yarn was something like this:
He once knew a lonesome man who floated
about in a waterlogged hulk for three months—
who saw all his comrades starve and die, one
after another, and at last kept watch alone,
craving and beseeching death. It was the
staunch French brig *La Perle*, bound south into
the equatorial seas. She had seen rough weather
from the first: day after day the winds in-

creased, and finally a cyclone burst upon her with insupportable fury. The brig was thrown upon her beam-ends, and began to fill rapidly. With much difficulty her masts were cut away, she righted, and lay in the trough of the sea rolling like a log. Gradually the gale subsided, but the hull of the brig was swept continually by the tremendous swell, and the men were driven into the foretop cross-trees, where they rigged a tent for shelter and gathered what few stores were left them from the wreck. A dozen wretched souls lay in their stormy nest for three whole days in silence and despair. By this time their scanty stores were exhausted, and not a drop of water remained: then their tongues were loosened, and they railed at the Almighty. Some wept like children, some cursed their fate: one man alone was speechless—a Spaniard with a wicked light in his eye, and a repulsive manner that had made trouble in the fore-castle more than once.

When hunger had driven them nearly to madness they were fed in an almost miraculous manner. Several enormous sharks had been swimming about the brig for some hours, and the hungry sailors were planning various projects for the capture of them: tough as a shark is, they would willingly have risked life for a few raw mouthfuls of the same. Somehow, though the sea was still and the wind light, the brig gave a sudden lurch and dipped up one of the monsters, who was quite secure in the shallow aquarium between the gunwales. He was soon despatched, and divided equally among the crew: some ate a little, and reserved the rest for another day; some ate till they were sick, and had little left for the next meal. The Spaniard with the evil eye greedily devoured his portion, and then grew moody again, refusing to speak with the others, who were striving to be cheerful, though it was sad enough work.

When the food was all gone save a few mouthfuls that one meagre eater had hoarded to the last, the Spaniard resolved to secure a morsel at the risk of his life. It had been a point of honor with the men to observe sacredly the right of ownership, and any breach of confidence would have been considered unpardonable. At night, when the watch was sleeping, the Spaniard cautiously removed the last mouthful of shark hidden in the pocket of his mate, but was immediately detected and accused of theft. He at once grew desperate, struck at the poor wretch whom he had robbed, missed his blow, and fell headlong from the narrow platform in the foretop, and was lost in the sea. It was the first scene in the mournful tragedy about to be enacted on that limited stage.

There was less disturbance after the disappearance of the Spaniard: the spirits of the doomed sailors seemed broken: in fact, the captain was the only one whose courage was noteworthy, and it was his indomitable will that ultimately saved him.

One by one the minds of the miserable men gave way: they became peevish or delirious, and then died horribly. Two, who had been mates for many voyages in the seas north and south, vanished mysteriously in the night: no one could tell where they went nor in what manner, though they seemed to have gone together.

Somehow, these famishing sailors seemed to feel assured that their captain would be saved: they were as confident of their own doom, and to him they entrusted a thousand messages of love. They would lie around him—for few of them had strength to assume a sitting posture—and reveal to him the story of their lives. It was most pitiful to hear the confessions of these dying men. One said: "I wronged my friend; I was unkind to this one or to that one; I deserve the heaviest punishment God can inflict upon me;" and then he paused, overcome with emotion. But another took up the refrain: "I could have done much good, but I would not, and now it is too late." And a third cried out in his despair: "I have committed unpardonable sins, and there is no hope for me. Lord Jesus, have mercy!" The youngest of these perishing souls was a mere lad: he too accused himself bitterly. He began his story at the beginning, and continued it from time to time as the spirit of revelation moved him: scarcely an incident, however insignificant, escaped him in his pitiless retrospect. Oh the keen agony of that boy's recital! more cruel than hunger or thirst, and in comparison with which physical torture would have seemed merciful and any death a blessing.

While the luckless *Perle* drifted aimlessly about, driven slowly onward by varying winds under a cheerless sky, sickness visited them; some were stricken with scurvy; some had lost the use of their limbs and lay helpless, moaning and weeping hour after hour; vermin devoured them, and when their garments were removed and cleansed in the salt water, there was scarcely sunshine enough to dry them before night, and they were put on again, damp, stiffened with salt, and shrunken so as to cripple the wearers, who were all blistered and covered with boils. The nights were bitter cold: sometimes the icy moon looked down upon them; sometimes the bosom of an electric cloud burst over them, and they were enveloped for a moment in a sheet of flame. Sharks lingered about them, waiting to feed upon the unhappy ones who fell into the sea overcome with physical exhaustion, or who cast themselves from that dizzy scaffold, unable longer to endure the horrors of lingering death. Flocks of sea-fowl hovered over them; the hull of the *Perle* was crusted with barnacles; long skeins of sea-grass knotted themselves in her gaping seams; myriads of fish darted in and out among the clinging weeds, sporting gleefully; schools of porpoises leaped about them, lashing the sea into

foam; sometimes a whale blew his long breath close under them. Everywhere was the stir of jubilant life—everywhere but under the tattered awning stretched in the foretop of the *Perle*. Days and weeks dragged on. When the captain would waken from his sleep—which was not always at night, however, for the nights were miserably cold and sleepless—when he wakened he would call the roll: perhaps some one made no answer; then he would reach forth and touch the speechless body and find it dead. He had not strength now to bury the corpses in the sea's sepulchre; he had not strength even to partake of the unholy feast of the inanimate flesh: he lay there in the midst of pestilence, and at night, under the merciful veil of darkness, the fowls of the air gathered about him and bore away their trophy of corruption.

By and by there were but two left of all that suffering crew—the captain and the boy—and these two clung together like ghosts, defying mortality. They strove to be patient and hopeful: if they could not eat, they could drink, for the nights were dewy, and sometimes a mist covered them—a mist so dense it seemed almost to drip from the rags that poorly sheltered them. A cord was attached to the shrouds, the end of it carefully laid in the mouth of a bottle slung in the rigging. Down the thin cord slid occasional drops: one by one they stole into the bottle, and by morning there was a spoonful of water to moisten those parched lips—sweet, crystal drops, more blessed than tears, for they are salt—more precious than pearls. A thousand prayers of gratitude seemed hardly to quiet the souls of the lingering ones for that great charity of Heaven.

There came a day when the hearts of God's angels must have bled for the suffering ones. The breeze was fresh and fair; the sea tossed gayly its foam-crested waves; sea-birds soared in wider circles, and the clouds shook out their fleecy folds, through which the sunlight streamed in grateful warmth: the two ghosts were talking, as ever, of home, of earth, of land. Land—land anywhere, so that it were solid and broad. Oh, to pace again a whole league without turning! Oh, to pause in the shadow of some living tree!—to drink of some stream whose waters flowed continually—flowed, though you drank of them with the awful thirst of one who has been denied water for weeks, and weeks, and weeks!—for three whole months—an eternity, as it seemed to them!

Then they pictured life as it might be if God permitted them to return to earth once more. They would pace K— street at noon, and revisit that capital restaurant where many a time they had feasted, though in those days they were unknown to one another; they would call for coffee, and this dish and that dish, and a whole bill of fare, the thought of which made their feverish palates grow moist again. They would meet friends whom they had never loved as they now loved them; they would reconcile old feuds and forgive everybody everything; they held imaginary conversations, and found life very beautiful and greatly to be desired; and somehow they would get back to the little *café* and there begin eating again, and with a relish that brought the savory tastes and smells vividly before them, and their lips would move and the impalpable morsels roll sweetly over their tongues.

It had become a second nature to scour the horizon with jealous eyes: never for a moment during their long martyrdom had their covetous sight fixed upon a stationary object. But it came at last. Out of a cloud a sail burst like a flickering flame. What an age it was a-coming! how it budded and blossomed like a glorious white flower, that was transformed suddenly into a barque bearing down upon them! Almost within hail it stayed its course, the canvas fluttered in the wind; the dark hull slowly rose and fell upon the water; figures moved to and fro—men, living and breathing men! Then the ghosts staggered to their feet and cried to God for mercy. Then they waved their arms, and beat their breasts, and lifted up their imploring voices, beseeching deliverance out of that horrible bondage. Tears coursed down their hollow cheeks, their limbs quaked, their breath failed them; they sank back in despair, speechless and forsaken.

Why did they faint in the hour of deliverance when that narrow chasm was all that separated them from renewed life? Because the barque spread out her great white wings and soared away, hearing not the faint voices, seeing not the thin shadows that haunted that drifting wreck. The forsaken ones looked out from their eyrie, and watched the lessening sail until sight failed them, and then the lad with one wild cry leaped toward the speeding barque, and was swallowed up in the sea.

Alone in a wilderness of waters! Alone, without compass or rudder, borne on by relentless winds into the lonesome, dreary, shoreless ocean of despair, within whose blank and forbidding sphere no voyager ventures; across whose desolate waste dawn sends no signal and night brings no reprieve; but whose sun is cold, and whose moon is clouded, and whose stars withdraw into space, and where the insufferable silence of vacancy shall not be broken for all time.

O pitiless Nature! thy irrevocable laws argue rare sacrifice in the waste places of God's universe!

The *Petrel* gave a tremendous lurch, that sent two or three of us into the lee corners of the cabin; a sea broke over us, bursting in the companion-hatch, and half filling our small and insecure retreat; the swinging lamp was thrown from its socket and extinguished; we were enveloped in pitch-darkness, up to our knees in

salt water. There was a moment of awful silence; we could not tell whether the light of day would ever visit us again; we thought perhaps it wouldn't. But the *Petrel* rose once more upon the watery hilltops and shook herself free of the cumbersome deluge; and at that point, when she seemed to be riding more easily than usual, some one broke the silence: "Well, did the captain of the *Perle* live to tell the tale?"

Yes, he did. God sent a messenger into the lonesome deep, where the miserable man was found insensible, with eyes wide open against the sunlight, and lips shrunken apart—a hideous breathing corpse. When he was lifted in the arms of the brave fellows who had gone to his rescue, he cried "Great God! I am saved?" as though he couldn't believe it when it was true; then he fainted, and was nursed through a long delirium, and was at last restored to health and home and happiness.

Our cabin-boy managed to fish up the lamp, and after a little we were illuminated: the agile swab soon sponged out the cabin, and we resumed our tedious watch for dawn and fairer weather.

Somehow, my mind brooded over the solitary wreck that was drifting about the sea: I could fancy the rotten timbers of the *Perle* clinging together, by a miracle, until the Ancient Mariner was taken away from her, and then, when she was alone again, with nothing whatever in sight but blank blue sea and blank blue sky, she lay for an hour or so, bearded with shaggy sea-moss and looking about a thousand years old. Suddenly it occurred to her that her time had come—that she had outlived her usefulness, and might as well go to pieces at once. So she yawned in all her timbers, and the sea reached up over her, and laid hold of her masts, and seemed to be slowly drawing her down into its bosom. There was not an audible sound, and scarcely a ripple upon the water, but when the waves had climbed into the foretop, there was a clamor of affrighted birds, and a myriad bubbles shot up to the surface, where a few walrus floated and whirled about for a moment. It was all that marked the spot where the *Perle* went down to her eternal rest.

"Ha, ha!" cried our skipper, with something almost like a change of expression on his mahogany countenance, "the barometer is rising!" and sure enough it was. In two hours the *Petrel* acted like a different craft entirely, and by and by came daybreak, and after that the sea went down, down, down, into a deep, dead calm, when all the elements seemed to have gone to sleep after their furious warfare. Like half-drowned flies we crawled out of the close, ill-smelling cabin to dry ourselves in the sun: there, on the steaming deck of the schooner, we found new life, and in the hope that dawned with it we grew lusty and jovial. Such a flat, oily sea as it was then! So transparent that we saw great fish swimming about, full five fathom under us. A monstrous shark drifted lazily past, his dorsal fin now and then cutting the surface like a knife and glistening like polished steel, his brace of pilot-fish darting hither and thither, striped like little one-legged harlequins.

Flat-headed gonies sat high on the water, piping their querulous note as they tugged at something edible, a dozen of them entering into the domestic difficulty: one after another would desert the cause, run a little way over the sea to get a good start, leap heavily into the air, sail about for a few minutes, and then drop back on the sea, feet foremost, and skate for a yard or two, making a white mark and a pleasant sound as it slid over the water.

The exquisite nautilus floated past us, with its gauzy sail set, looking like a thin slice out of a soap-bubble; the strange anemone laid its pale, sensitive petals on the lips of the wave and panted in ecstasy; the *Petrel* rocked softly, swinging her idle canvas in the sun; we heard the click of the anchor-chain in the fore-castle, the blessed sea-sound I wot of; a sailor sang while he hung in the ratlines and tossed down the salt-stained shrouds. The afternoon waned: the man at the wheel struck two bells—it was the delectable dog-watch. Down went the swartly sun into his tent of clouds; the waves were of amber; the fervid sky was flushed; it looked as though something splendid were about to happen up there, and that it could hardly keep the secret much longer. Then came the purplest twilight; and then the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripest, goldenest stars—such stars as hang like fruits in sun-fed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over mountains and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them; and I conjured up my spells of savage enchantment, my blessed islands, my reefs baptized with silver spray; I saw the broad fan-leaves of the banana droop in the motionless air, and through the tropical night the palms aspired heavenward, while I lay dreaming my sea-dream in the cradle of the deep.

BLESSING AND SAYING.—In Charles the Second's reign, a free table was allowed for the Court chaplains. At one time, however, the King, being rather in necessitous circumstances, ordered this dinner to be discontinued, but, to soften matters, honoured his clergymen with his presence at the last intended dinner. The grace used to be, "God save the King, and bless the dinner;" but Dr. South, who presided on this occasion, transposed the words to "God bless the King and save the dinner."—"And it shall be saved," said the King, amused at the doctor's humour, and countermanded the order.

PLANTAGENET'S WELL;

A True Story of the Days of Richard the Third.

BY LADY C. HOWARD.

Around the hall were martial shields,
Which baron bold and knights of yore
Had borne in murderous battle-fields—
Where prince and peasant fell before
The well-aimed blow and hurled spear.

M. S.

The green trees whispered low and wild—
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
And still they looked at me and smiled
As if I were a boy.

Prelude—LONGFELLOW.

It was the close of a day in early summer. The last rays of the setting sun made the forest trees shine like burnished gold, reflecting them in the depths of still, calm pools, which here and there diversified the scene. Groups of sheep and herds of deer were browsing on the short velvet grass, making, with the sweet notes of forest birds and the ever busy hum of insects, a perfect picture of happy, peaceful English life.

Two people were walking through the sunny forest glades: judging from his dress, one was a priest, the other a boy of some fourteen summers.

The priest was a man of about fifty-five, tall, and rather inclined to *embonpoint*. He had earnest grey eyes, hair of snowy whiteness, a Roman nose, rather a weak expression about his mouth, and a broad, intellectual forehead.

A more benevolent looking man was perhaps never seen, and his character was fully carried out by his deeds. He was a good, kind friend to the poor; none who sought his aid ever went away with their griefs unlightened, if it was in his power to assuage them, and if it was not, his poorer neighbors took the will for the deed, and returned home comforted. Every one, and with reason, blessed the good Padre, or Father John, as the people usually called him. Casual observers might have taken him for the father of the fine boy, whose hand was so confidently placed in his. He was, however, only his sincere friend, guardian and preceptor. The boy himself was in appearance slight and tall. He had a frank, open countenance, deep blue eyes which looked at you fearlessly, a very straight nose, a complexion sunburnt from exposure to all weathers, and a mouth and chin whose expression showed an amount of firmness and perseverance rarely seen in one so young. Very small feet, and white, strong hands, gave evidence of gentle, perhaps noble birth. As the two sauntered along, they were engaged in a conversation which seemed deeply interesting to both master and pupil, and well it might be, as the subject under their notice was none other than Homer.

As they discussed the glorious poetry of the grand old bard, and Father John told his young pupil of the brave deeds of the warriors there described, the boy's eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed, and, clasping his hands, he eagerly exclaimed, "Oh! that I may live to be a man, then will I be a soldier, and by God's grace will strive to imitate these glorious deeds."

"Yes, Richard," said the kind priest, smiling at his companion's boyish enthusiasm, "so you shall; and meantime, by much study during these precious years of your boyhood, and many deeds of charity, making your poorer neighbors' woes your own, you will earn a crown of immortal glory, better, far better than all the perishable ones of this world."

In conversation such as this did the good Father strive to sow in his young charges' mind the seeds of good deeds, of acts which should make his name blessed in many a humble abode, looked up to and revered even as his own was, and the boy gave promise of repaying his guardian for all his trouble and unceasing care. So conversing, the two came to a large rambling old house, situated in the heart of the forest. It consisted of two wings—one entirely covered with ivy, which clung to its grey, time-stained walls, twining itself in and out of the quaint casements, making the home of many a sparrow and starling, which, in return for the shelter afforded them, sang a never ending hymn of joy and praise. In the lovers' "Language of Flowers," ivy means "True Friendship." Its powers of constancy are beautifully described in the following lines of Bernard Barton, addressed to Mrs. Hemans:—

"It changes not as seasons flow
In changeful, silent course along,
Spring finds it verdant, leaves it so,
It outlives Summer's song;
Autumn no wan nor russet stain
Upon its fadeless glory flings,
And Winter o'er it sweeps in vain
With tempest on his wings."

The other side of the house was built of grey stone, and ended with a square-built tower, where, at certain hours, the curfew rang, bidding all to put out their fires and lights. A characteristic old porch, with a door curiously studded with steel nails, opened into a moderate-sized hall, strewn with rushes, and with a fire of huge logs of wood shedding a warm glow over everything.

High-backed chairs, the legs of carved wood, and the seats of crimson leather, were placed round the hall, in the centre of which stood an immense oaken table. Trophies of the chase adorned the walls, stags' heads, with noble antlers; spears, and banners, and other implements of use and war were scattered about.

It was the 10th day of June, in the year of grace 1481. Here, in this lonely forest retreat, Richard had spent all his life, as far as he could remember, with no companion but Father John, ignorant whose son he was, or even if his parents were living. Richard was the only name by which he knew himself.

His leisure hours were spent in the forest in summer, and in reading—curled up in the deep seats of the windows in the old hall, when the weather was too severe for him to go out. It was a happy life, free from care and sorrow.

His little room opened into Father John's, and his in turn into the hall. None of the numerous other rooms in the house were ever used, except the kitchen and a tiny room where the one servant of the establishment, old Allan, slept and grumbled. He was a quaint old man, in keeping with the house and furniture. He had a hooked nose, like a parrot's, small black eyes, set very near together, which made him look as if he could read every thought in your mind, and grey hair, which hung in locks down his back from under a velvet cap. He was very active, in spite of his seventy years, and really willing, but he had a tongue like the clapper of a bell.

Such were Richard's companions and life at the age of fourteen. Money was supplied to the house from time to time by a stranger who paid them short visits. The days passed on swiftly and quietly until the October following the day when this tale begins. It was early in the month, but the trees were changing fast; every day seemed to deepen and alter the beauty of their tints. The leaves as they fell lay rotting in heaps, making a melancholy picture. One day the stranger came and took Richard away with him. After going through many miles of country, and stopping frequently to rest, they came at last to a very large city with hundreds of houses, thousands of men, women, and children thronging the streets, and where the noise and tumult seemed to bewilder Richard. Presently they stopped at a large house, like a palace, and the stranger led the boy into a lofty hall, where state and splendor seemed to reign. Passing through the hall, they came to a range of rooms, each more magnificent than the last, with sculptured arches, painted roofs, matchless tapestry adorning the walls, the floor carpeted with rushes, in marked contrast to the splendor of the rest of the place. At last Richard's guide left him, and he remained alone in a state of suspense and fear, although he did not know of what he was afraid.

Presently, to his astonishment, a man of noble mien appeared; his commanding form and stately bearing awed Richard, as he advanced towards him, fixing his penetrating eyes upon his face. His vest was studded with thick ribs of gold, a purple velvet robe hung in folds around him, royal jewels glittered on his breast, with the Order of the Garter prominent among them, and on his head a crimson velvet cap, richly bordered with ermine, and with a white feather, kept in its place by a brooch of diamonds. Richard tried to bend his knee to him, but his limbs refused their office; so he stood there, quiet and still, but with a sort of doubtful joy in his heart. Seeing Richard's fear, the great man strove to mitigate the harshness of his brow, and with kind speeches cheered his aching heart. He questioned Richard closely on his manner of life, what his occupations and amusements were, and stroked his sunny curls.

Yet while he talked he seemed to be always keeping something back; his looks implied much more than his speeches said. Then he gave Richard an embroidered purse, heavily filled with gold, and kindly pressed his hand. For some time did they stand thus, the man of noble mien looking deeply into Richard's face, his bosom swelling with emotion, as though he wished to speak; but suddenly he started, frowned, and abruptly left the room.

Richard's guide returned, and found him dazed and startled by the interview. They got on their horses again, and began their homeward journey.

Richard's guide seemed a mild, kind man, so he thought he would unburden his mind, and ask him a few questions.

"Oh, sir," said Richard, "tell me, I pray you, why you show such care for me, why you employ your time in my behalf. And tell me who is that man of pride and dignity who deigns to notice a stranger boy."

Richard's question confused his guide, but he did not seem displeased; but he told him nothing, though he seemed to know much; he said:

"Youth, you owe me no obligation; I only do my duty; you have no kindred blood with mine; but, hard to say, your birth must to you still remain a secret. Ask no more."

Thus he reproved Richard, doing it, however, as if he pitied him; so Richard bowed to his mild rebuke, and promised obedience.

Arrived at the old hall, he consigned Richard to his faithful guardian's care, and, blessing him by the Holy Cross, departed.

After he had gone Richard's heart waxed sad; he felt as if he had sustained some heavy loss; but in the company of Father John all tumultuous thoughts gave way, his looks and words alike softened sorrow. Unruly care was far distant from him. Grief's wildest ravings ceased in his presence, and in his blameless life

well did he prove "That the House of Goodness is the House of Peace."

Here for some months Richard's life flowed on evenly, quietly, with nothing to mark the days. By degrees he began to feel that perhaps it was well for him that he was ignorant of the secret of his birth, and to see that he had better not try to find out that which fate appeared to wish concealed.

But soon things were altered; his visionary hopes passed away, leaving a future dark and drear. As in March the sunshine seems to give promise of a fine day, but, with that treachery which belongs to the time, as the day wears on the sun disappears, leaving everything damp and gloomy—this was the case with Richard's life.

One day his guide arrived, not as of late, quiet and calm, but he seemed possessed with a wild impatience; care and thought were written in his face.

"Rise, youth," said he to Richard, "and mount this steed."

Richard did as he was told, and bidding farewell to Father John, mounted the horse which was standing, richly caparisoned, at the door. They rode on in silence at the utmost speed, and, only remaining a few moments for rest and food, kept on until their panting coursers brought them to Bosworth, in Leicestershire.

Here they stopped, but did not dismount. Richard gazed around him with astonishment, and his heart began to beat fast. Far as the eye could see stretched a wilderness of tents, with banners floating in the air, prancing steeds all around, and archers trimly dressed. The sun was just setting in a cloud of burnished gold, tipping the points of the spears everywhere to be seen until they shone like fire. The hum of many voices resounded on the evening air, and sounds of music from time to time came floating down the breeze.

Twilight crept on swiftly; the chieftains were all in their tents, and sentinels were posted around. Richard and his guide moved on towards the tents with wary pace, and dismounting, befriended by the stars, which shone with a bright light, they walked quickly on, answering the challenge of the sentinels, until they came on a martial form who barred their further progress.

He seemed to be listening, his face muffled in his cloak. Suddenly throwing it back, he snatched Richard's hand, and, leading him with swift steps, never slackened his pace until he came to a splendid tent. The pavilion was hung with glowing crimson, the shade deepened by the light of many tapers. A royal couch was in the centre, and beside it lay a polished suit of armor, bright and ready for its owner's use.

The crown was there glittering in the light with many splendid gems gracing it, and close by, as though to guard its safety and dignity, lay a weighty "curtelax" unsheathed. The chief took off his cap, and drew Richard to him. Wrapt in gloom, his face appeared like a clouded sky ere the tempest bursts. Revenge, impatience—all that maddens the soul—despair and frenzy, were revealed in his face, and his eyes shone like burning coals.

Richard felt that there was a likeness between this martial form and the man of noble mien whom he had seen the last time his guide had fetched him. Richard's companion tried to control his emotion; he seemed to be fighting with himself—holding himself proudly. Richard stood, pale and trembling, like an attentive priest who awaits the revelations of the mystic oak. At length his companion spoke.

"No longer wonder, O youth," said he, "why you are brought here; the secret of your birth shall now be revealed. Know that you are Imperial Richard's son! I who hold you in these arms am thy father, and as soon as my power has quenched these alarms you shall be known, be honoured, and be great! To-morrow, boy, I combat for my crown. Presumptuous Richmond seeks to win renown, and on my ruin raise his upstart name. He leads a renegade band, strangers to war, and against the chieftains of the land means to try his strength. But as even kings cannot command the chance of war, to-morrow's sun will behold me conqueror or will see me among the dead; for Richard will never grace the victor's car, but glorious win the day, or glorious die! But you, my son, hear me, and obey my word. Do not seek to mingle in the coming fray; but, far from winged shaft and gleaming sword, wait in patience the decision of the fight. North of the camp there is a rising mound; your guide is ready to take you there. From there you can see every chance and movement of the battle. If righteous fate give me the conquest, then shall your noble birth be known to all. Then you may boldly come to the centre of the field, and amidst my chieftains I will own my son. But if I am robbed of empire and renown, then you may be sure your father's eyes will be closed in eternal night, for life without victory were dishonour and disgrace. Should proud Richmond gain the day, which Heaven forbids, then no means will be left you but instant, speedy flight; you must veil your head and seek concealment. For on Richard's friends, far more than on his son, Richard's foes will wreak their vengeance, rage, and fear, even when Richard himself shall be no more. So, go, my son; one more embrace, and Heaven keep you; some short reflections claim this awful night before a glimmering in the east heralds the approach of day, when my knights attend to arm me for the fight."

Once more Richard knelt, and his father blessed him; then, struggling to check a rising tear, he led him forth overwhelmed with grief.

This was on Sunday evening, August the 21st, in the year of grace 1485. The morning of Monday, the 22nd, rose dark and gloomy, a fitting emblem of what was to follow. The two armies were so near each other that during the night many deserted Richard and joined Richmond's army. When the day broke the forces were drawn up in line of battle. The fray began, but no vigour was displayed in the Royal army until Lord Stanley, suddenly turned and attacked it in flank; then Richard saw that all was lost, and exclaiming, "Treason! Treason!" rushed into the midst of the enemy, and made his way to the Earl of Richmond, hewing down all before him.

The King's valour was astonishingly great. The Earl of Richmond rather shrank back at the sight of such a desperate antagonist, but his attendants gathered round him, and at last Richard, who fought like a wild beast, with the energy and courage of despair, overpowered by sheer force of numbers, fell covered with wounds. His helmet was so beaten in by blows that its form was quite destroyed. He fell near a brook which runs through Bosworth Field, the water of which long remained stained with blood.

Thus died Richard the Third. The battle only lasted two hours. Young Richard witnessed his father's sad fate from the mound, and a great desire came over him for one last look at his parent. But remembering his father's wishes with respect to him in the event of the battle going in Richmond's favour, with a deep sigh, and feeling stunned and bewildered with the revelations of the night before and the sad events of the day, he turned away, and with one last look at the place where his father lay, departed. After a long, weary journey he found himself in the heart of the forest, at the door of the old house, where all his happy childhood had been spent, and as the thought came into his mind that good Father John still remained to him, he felt almost comforted. But Richard was doomed to disappointment.

Going into the old hall, he saw Father John, as he thought, asleep in his chair, but going up to him found, to his intense sorrow, that the good old man had passed away to that God whose precepts he had so well inculcated in the mind of his young pupil, whose commandments he had so religiously kept, whose word he had so loved to obey.

Richard's grief was very deep at being deprived in a few short hours of his father, whom he had only found to lose for ever, and of the kind old man who had been a father to him in every sense of the word. After paying, in company with old Allan, the last sad respects to his loved preceptor, Richard quitted the old house in the forest for ever, with a sincere prayer that the God of the fatherless would lead him to some safe retreat, where daily toil might give him bread and teach him true peace.

For days he wandered on, until at last one evening he came to Eastwell Park, in Kent. Its owner was Sir Thomas Moyle, a benevolent man, to whom he applied for employment, which was given him, and as chief bricklayer he lived for many years in Sir Thomas's service.

In 1546 Sir Thomas gave him a piece of ground, with permission to build himself a house thereon. This he accordingly did. One day Sir Thomas came upon him, sitting by the side of a well, reading; he took the book from him, and was surprised to see it was written in Latin, and that "Richard Plantagenet" was inscribed on the fly leaf.

Sir Thomas said, "I see my suspicions were well founded. All my doubts are now removed. You ought to hold a far higher position than that which you now occupy; you ought not to be clothed in this poor manner, and occupy a dependent's place. Drudgery and toil were not your position; need only could have brought you to this, not your birth or blood. I see I am right. I read the answer in your blushing cheek, in your downcast eye; you need not have resort to speech. Often have I seen you when you thought yourself alone, when the evening bell summoned the workmen from their tasks. You avoided your unlearned comrades, and with slow step and musing eye betook yourself to some quiet favourite nook. Your attention seemed to rove; you appeared lost to all outward sounds; and if any one came by, instantly your book was hidden, for fear some one should desecrate the subject of your meditations. Often have I thought Greek and Roman page were no sealed letters to you. Much have I wished to know your history, but now no longer keep your story in painful secrecy, but tell with simple truth, not to your master, but to your friend, the story of your youth; for you are getting on in life; it is time your labours ceased; here you shall find rest and a quiet home, with every comfort in my power to give to endear it to you. Have you a wish, a hope, a higher bliss in my power to bestow? Is there in your breast any aching void? Tell me all your longings, so that I may supply them. In return, all I ask is your history—confide that to me."

So spoke Sir Thomas Moyle; and at his sympathetic words Richard raised his drooping head, and, with a grateful glance at his benefactor, began his sad tale. Sir Thomas listened with deep attention, and at the close, shaking the old man's hand kindly, he left him to repose.

In his comfortable house Richard Plantagenet lived some years after this discovery, dying at the ripe old age of eighty-one, in the fourth year of Edward the Sixth's reign, and he was buried in the parish church of Eastwell, in Kent, the seat of the present Earl of Winchelsea.

and Nottingham, on the 22nd of December, 1550.

The record of his burial is still to be found in the old register of Eastwell Church, as follows: "Richard Plantagenet buried the 22nd daye of December, 1550."

Richard Plantagenet's tomb, in the wall of Eastwell Church, still exists, but it appears to be of a much later date. There is remaining in existence in Eastwell Park the ruin of a dwelling said to have been his house, and a dried-up well near it, which to this date is called, "Plantagenet's Well." There Sir Thomas Moyle found him and heard his strange eventful history.

SANDALS AND FOOT DISEASES.

When we saw "Pygmalion and Galatea" recently performed, we were struck with a peculiar movement in the actors' feet which for a time, sitting afar off, we did not understand. With every step, with every turn of the ankle, a kind of delicate ripple passed over the instep as a thrill runs through a corn-field sometimes under a tender wind; we were surprised to see how beautiful the movements were, how graceful were the lines from the ankle in every position. Presently we discovered that the beauty and the grace were due to the absence of shoes. On inspection, the feet of the ladies were not particularly small, yet they were better than the smallest concealed in boots; there was scarcely a position in which they did not appear lovely. The actresses were in fact thinly stockinged, with sandals beneath the feet, an embroidered strap coming between the two first toes across the instep, after the old Roman fashion. We have often thought, considering how much we lose by shoes and how very little we gain, that it is a thousand pities women do not bring in sandals,—not the foolish ribboned pumps of the last century, but the real Greek sandal. Without the hard and deforming shoe, every muscle of the foot is in motion and visible at every step; it is quite wonderful how pretty the feet appear even when not very small. In reality we lose nearly as much by the shoe as the face loses by a mask; how much, we could easily see by covering the hands with patent leather or lined French kid, and then expecting them to entrance the spectator. We never see a woman's foot, we only see its leather case, which is about as much a part or an expresser of her foot as a violin case is of a fine violin; and if women only knew the fascinations of a neat and delicate foot, whose outlines have not been impaired by corns, nor whose bones by generations of deformity, no shoe would be worn again for ever. But the truth is, just as the pace of an army must be regulated by the slowest man in it, so the beauties of the community must be disguised according to the plainness of the plainest member. A deformed foot is hidden by a shoe, so all the pretty feet must be hidden in shoes. An imperfect figure is disguised by a hoop or a bustle, so all the sylphs must be huddled into hoops and bustles. And, probably, if any graceful little sylph refused to be disguised she would be called "vain," "shameless," and other pretty names. Every artist knows that any foot that has ever worn a shoe is deformed. The great toe is bent in towards the rest of the toes, instead of being boldly parted. The other toes are crushed and shortened. How seldom in real life does one find the second toe longer than the great toe,—its natural length! If an artist wishes to make studies of a beautiful foot, does he choose out the smallest-footed lady of his acquaintance, and copy these "little mice" of hers? No, he ignores the whole race of French and English women. He goes off to the East, or to the fish-women on the shores of Italy, who have never worn a shoe; there he studies the free, practised muscles, the firm steps, the ineffably graceful movements. One may see in the pictures of Mr. Leighton, who has made a special study of feet, what feet ought to be. What do we lose by the shoe? Form, firmness of tread, charm of appearance; and what have we gained by the shoe? Perhaps cleanliness, and a certain amount of protection for the foot against cold, wet, and friction: this in the case of men at least. Before shoes, people existed well enough without them, though there were still fragile ankles and tender toes. Stockings would be as useful as shoes, if the great toe were separated from the rest, and the sole protected by a sole of leather, wood, or any other material, which, while being in itself twice as serviceable as our "paper soles," could be padded with silk, inlaid with ivory, or colored in any way, at once more beautiful and more useful. The straps might also be ornamented. Where warmth was needed, the stocking, of kid, indiarubber, worsted, or even velvet, would be quite as warm and serviceable as ordinary ladies' boots. The only difference would lie in their shape, and the absence of corns; and what a dangerous arrow might be added to our quiver of charms! As it is, our want of appreciation of the real beauty of the body, or our ignorance of how to make the best use of our materials, reconciles us to all kinds of foot diseases, and dis-ease, little behind the proverbial Chinese victim to fashion; and if our sufferings have caused the medical profession to advance with rapid strides from the leech of old, we may just hint that prevention is as good as, if not better than, cure.—*St. Pauls.*

ITEM.—A new-covering is being provided for all the New Year bells that have peeled.

MEN AND WOMEN.

The question which is the most interesting creature, man or woman, is one that in the present paucity of the sexes, there being but two, it is impossible to settle. Either a man or a woman giving it in favor of their own side might be said to be biased, and if they awarded it to the other, how could it be proved that they had done themselves justice? It might even be a weak personal propitiation. Literature gives an impression wholly in favor of women, which is to the credit of masculine politeness, considering who the writers have mainly been. If it had gone the other way, it would have been very shameful. Whether, however, men are more interesting to men than women are, and whether women find more in women to interest them than they do in men, are points about which an appeal may be made to evidence. It is true that books seem to take all for granted here again. According to them, there never were creatures so fond of one another as men and women. When you come to the facts of real life, some doubt arises; one thing is certain, nothing like so much fondness is actually shown as is talked of.

Observation goes to force upon us the unwelcome conclusion that this pretended fondness of the two sexes for one another is the great fundamental hypocrisy of the race. It would be unfair to dwell too much on the circumstance that they make one another uncomfortable in a way that men never make men nor women women, taking that fact by itself. This might be a mere result of their being different. But a review of the whole case tends to establish a general incompatibility between the two. Things will have to alter very much if men and women are ever to get along well together. The pretence that they are dying of sheer liking for one another is not only not proved, it is disproved. Not merely is that kind of mortality wholly absent from the returns, but after all these centuries the two sexes greatly keep aloof from one another. Whenever you can get a glimpse of their true tendencies, it comes out clearly enough that men and women are domestic creatures under compulsion. Their real wish is for partial cohabitation. All kinds of social contrivances have been tried, the real purpose of which, no matter how it may be disguised, is to separate the sexes, and so secure for each the pleasure of being only in its own society. There is no sacrifice men will not make to get this luxury. They will support the costliest clubs, they will smoke, they will pretend any sort of recreation, from cards down to billiards, sooner than not be apart from women for a portion of their time. The like thing holds of the ladies in their own way. The inability of the men to stay at home allows their wives to assemble mutual clubs in their own drawing-rooms, and they do so. For one club the men have the women have hundreds—just as many as there are houses.

It is all very well to decry this disunion, but of what use is that if it arises out of an incurable antipathy? The truth is, the tastes of the sexes radically differ. At home feminine likings prevail, and there is no man who is not more or less aware that the minor arrangements and the wonderful and to him superfluous filigree-like ornamentation of his house are not for him, nor for his sex, but for the other. Just as little can it be doubted that men and women dress each for their own sex; that it is the admiration of their own kind, not of the opposite one, they lay themselves most out for. Men and women are in a perpetual condition of surprise, and scoff at each other's styles, both always self-complacent, and altogether omitting criticism of their own. The dress of the sexes utterly fails of the captivation of one another. The fashionable doings of the one are mysteries to the other; for nine-tenths of the time their attire is an offence to one another. Mutual criticism on the point has not the slightest recognition, nor do the modes affect each other save in the most rudimentary way. Each take their own course. It is not for the young ladies that the young men put on their wonderful neckties, their sleek fur collars, their astonishing jewellery, any more than it is of the male dandies the young women stay thinking in hesitating so long over the pattern of a lace or the tint of a parasol. Men never notice the pattern of the lace; they pay little heed to an umbrella, unless it is one a man is carrying. Both have in their eye those who can understand them best—their own sex. Conversation equally betrays this natural opposition. If the sexes had real respect for one another, would they indulge in those unbelievable compliments? Neither does it to those of their own kind whom they honestly like. The artificial style of talk which is the traditional custom of the sexes is plainly that of creatures who do not understand each other and have mutual suspicions. Being strange, they betake themselves to compliments.

A qualification in reference to the family relation has to be made. To a man his mother is not a woman; she is a divinity; the like partly holds in a girl of her father; and brothers and sisters are not of any sex. But get outside this non-sexual circle, and the antipathy quickly comes into play. Boys nearly hate girls, and the feeling is returned; old men care nothing for women of any age, except as nurses; old women creep together. It is only during the central portion of life that the sexes can be said to be civil to one another. In fact, if nature had not forced men and women to love each other during that portion willy-nilly, and given them that incredible and perplexing bribe of

children, it is doubtful whether they would have any mutual liking. Love is all that exists between them. The score other feelings of understanding sympathy, of appreciative respect, of rational emulation which men have for men and women for women, neither sex has for the other. It is astonishing what a complete, intricate, long association the bringing up a family ties a couple to, that they do not become more really intimate than they do even in the best cases. Doubt may well be felt that there are few husbands and wives who, in spite of all the trials they have shared, have not at the bottom of their hearts a sense of grievance one against the other. At least, it may fairly be said that, if there were any joint concern of another kind which kept two men or two women partners of fortune under such mutual responsibilities for as long a period, they would develop more warmth of feeling on each side.

It is all very sad; but it cannot be helped. The sexes are a partial failure, and somehow has arisen an enormous exaggeration of their liking for one another. Looked at calmly, the interest which each has for the other is woefully lacking in versatility.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

The Danbury News tells the following story of the sad consequences of boyish mischief:—

"A rather contemptible trick was played on one of our young clerks Sunday night. He bought a cut-glass bottle of cologne, with a glass stopper and pink ribbon, to present to a young lady he is keeping company with, but on reaching the house he felt a little embarrassed for fear there were members of the family present, and so left the beautiful gift on the stoop and passed in. The movement was perceived by a graceless brother of the young lady, who appropriated the cologne for his own use, and re-filled the bottle with hartshorn from the family jar, and then hung round to observe the result. In a little while the young man slipped out on the stoop, and securing the splendid gift, slipped back again into the parlor, where, with a few appropriate remarks, he pressed it upon the blushing girl. Like the good and faithful daughter that she was, she at once hurried into the presence of her mother, and the old lady was charmed. They didn't put up scent stuff like that when she was a girl; it was kept in a china tea-cup, and it was kept together by samples of all the family's hair. But she was very much pleased with it. She drew out the stopper, laid the beautiful petals of her nostrils over the aperture, and fetched a pull at the contents that fairly made them bubble. Then she laid the bottle down, and picked up a brass-mounted fire-shovel instead, and said she, as soon as she could say anything, 'Where is that miserable brat?' And he, all unconscious of what had happened, was in front of the mirror adjusting his necktie and smiling at himself. And there she found him, and said to him, 'Oh, you are laughing at the trick on an old woman, are you, you wall-eyed leper?' And then she basted him one on the ear. And he, being by nature more eloquent with his legs than his tongue, hastened from there, howling like mad, and accompanied to the gate by that brass-mounted shovel. He says he would give every thing on earth if he could shake off the impression that a mistake had been made."

THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

In England, long after the Tudor period, industrial disturbances took place, and wild communistic fancies welled up from the depths of a suffering world of labor, when society was stirred by political and religious revolution. Under the Commonwealth, communists went out upon the hill-side, and began to break ground for a poor man's Utopia; and the great movement of the levellers, which had in it an economical as well as a political element, might have overturned society, if it had not been quelled by the strong hand of Cromwell. But in more recent times, within living memory, there were labor disturbances in England, compared with which the present industrial war was mild. In 1816 there were outbreaks among the suffering peasantry, which filled the governing classes with fear. In Suffolk nightly fires of incendiaries blazed in every district, thrashing-machines were broken or burnt in open day, mills were attacked. At Brandon, large bodies of workmen assembled to prescribe a maximum price of grain and meat, and to pull down the houses of butchers and bakers. They bore flags with the motto, "Bread or Blood." Insurgents from the fen country, a special scene of distress, assembled at Littleport, attacked the house of a magistrate in the night, broke open shops, emptied the cellars of public-houses, marched on Ely, and filled the district for two days and nights with drunken rioting and plunder. The soldiery was called in; there was an affray in which blood flowed on both sides, then a special commission and hangings to close the scene. Distressed colliers in Staffordshire and Wales assembled by thousands, stopped works, were with difficulty diverted from marching to London. In 1812, another stain of blood was added to the sanguinary criminal code of those days by the Act making death the penalty for the destruction of machinery. This was caused by the Luddite outrages, which were carried on in the most systematic manner, and on the largest scale, in Nottingham and the adjoining counties. Bodies of desperadoes, armed and dis-

guised, went forth under a leader, styled General Ludd, who divided them into bands, and assigned to each band its work of destruction. Terror reigned around; the inhabitants were commanded to keep in their houses and put out their lights on pain of death. In the silence of night, houses and factories were broken open, machines demolished, unfinished work scattered on the highways. The extent and secrecy of the conspiracy baffled the efforts of justice, and the death penalty failed to put the system down. Even the attempts made to relieve distress became new sources of discontent, and a soap-kitchen riot at Glasgow led to a two days' conflict between the soldiery and the mob. In 1818, a threatening mass of Manchester spinners, on strike, came into bloody collision with the military. Then there were rick burnings, farmers patrolling all night long, gibbets erected on Pennenden heath, and bodies swinging on them, bodies of boys eighteen or nineteen years old. Six laborers of Dorsetshire, the most wretched county in England, were sentenced to seven years' transportation nominally for administering an illegal oath, really for unionism. Thereupon, all the trades made a menacing demonstration, marched to Westminster, thirty thousand strong, with a petition for the release of the laborers. London was in an agony of fear, the Duke of Wellington prepared for a great conflict, pouring in troops and bringing up artillery from Woolwich. In 1840 again there were formidable movements, and society felt itself on the crust of a volcano. Threatening letters were sent to masters, rewards offered for firing mills; workmen were beaten, driven out of the country, burned with vitriol, and there was reason to fear, murdered. Great masses of operatives collected for purposes of intimidation, shopkeepers were pillaged, collisions again took place between the people and the soldiery. Irish agrarianism meanwhile prevailed, in a far more deadly form than at present. And these industrial disturbances were connected with political disturbances equally formidable, with Chartism, Socialism, Cato-street conspiracies, Peterloo massacres, Bristol riots.—*Contemporary Review.*

PIGEON ENGLISH.

With a parcel of tea which we lately purchased there came a curious piece of Chinese advertising. It is a native tea merchant's bill or circular, printed on red paper sprinkled with gold leaf. It bears the announcement, in "pigeon English," that "Tong-Wo-San-Kee never makes or ships lie tea." Below this announcement, intended for the information of foreigners, there is a longer statement in Chinese, informing his countrymen that he sells nothing but teas of the purest quality. Now this "lie tea" is not so much an adulteration of other than tea leaves, as it may be a mixture of good fresh leaves with what have been already infused. The latter are chiefly bought for a mere trifle at the large tea-drinking establishments, and dried in the sun. The writer has seen acres of ground in the vicinity of Canton, Macao, Shanghai, and other places, where the leaves were spread, sometimes on mats, and sometimes on the bare soil, to shrivel up under his torrid ray. When mixed with fresh tea this "lie tea" is shipped at a much lower price than usual, but very little of it is consumed in England. Germany has been its principal destination; but since the arrival there of the "Maloo mixture," the authorities have prohibited its importation under heavy penalties. But we have taken up our Chinese tea bill, not to tell about tea and the tea trade, but to say a few words about the strange language of which the expression "Lie tea" is an example. "Pidgin," or, as it is sometimes spelled, "pigeon" English, originated at Canton during the early days of our relations with China, when the East India Company monopolized the trade with the Hong merchants. In their intercourse neither took the trouble to learn the language of the other properly, but confined their conversation to the fewest number of English and Chinese words necessary for bargaining and dealing in their merchandise. Hence the greater portion of this *patois* is made up of words used in commerce, and its incongruous appellation is a corruption of the word "business." At first John Chinaman found this a difficult word to pronounce, rarely making a nearer approach than "bidjinish." In time he softened it down to "pidgin," which is now universally used by natives and foreigners, so that the title of this paper means literally "Business" English. Of course the diplomatic interpreters attached to the consulates and legations speak and write both languages correctly, while most of the missionaries are qualified to discourse in Chinese. But the vocabulary in use between the Chinese and British residents, as well as visitors at the treaty ports, is almost wholly of this bastard language. Some of the words, such as the salutation *ching-chin* are adopted by foreigners, but generally the attempt is on the part of the natives to use English words, with a pronunciation more or less like that of their own language, especially where the speaker has a difficulty in enunciating the letters. Sometimes they add terminations of their own, to give euphony, in their estimation, to the words of the "barbarian" tongue. On the other hand, to our ears these sound very much like the talk of our nurses to children, such as "Georgy georgy will have a ridy pidy in a coachy wocahy." From its direct business meaning the term "pidgin" is applied to many other acts of persons, but

always alludes to what work or engagement they have on hand. For instance, if one calls to inquire for the master, his servant may reply that "he have makee chow-chow pidgin," that is, he may be at dinner, or if on Sunday the answer might be "he have go chuch pidgin." Then, as to termination syllables, double e is the most common, such as *makee, talkee, walkee, muchee, showee, piecee*, &c. This last corruption of our word piece is very commonly used, and derived from a piece or bale of calico, which is the staple import of British manufactured goods. As these are of different qualities, the trader endeavours to impress upon the Chinese buyer that his shirtings are numbered one, or A 1. Hence remarks of quality have advanced from "numpah wan piecee silk" to "numpah wan piecee man" (a rich or honest trader), or "numpah wan piecee woman" (a beautiful woman.) Then the word "pay" is commonly used like "show," evidently from the money paid for goods being shown, such as, "makee pay two piecee boot," meaning "show me a pair of boots." In like manner, the word "fashion" is used to convey very different meanings from its mercantile sense, such as "my no belong that fasun," or, "I am not of that opinion." Besides English and Chinese words, other foreign words occur, such as "savee," from the Portuguese verb expressing to know, or the Malay interjection *maskee*, signifying "never mind."—*Leisure Hour.*

GOLDEN GRAINS.

What we wish to do we think we can do, but when we do not wish a thing it becomes impossible.

He who thinks too much of himself will be in danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world.

It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

WRITE it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly till he knows that every day is doomsday.

TRUE courage is cool and calm. The bravest men have the least of brutal, bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene and free.

THE great high-road of human welfare lies along the old high-road of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort.

THERE is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So Heaven rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

THOUGH sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

LOVE is like the "Tree of Life," bearing, as fruit, joy, cheerfulness, kindness, patience, pity, charity, confidence, forgiveness, forbearance, endurance, and strength; yielding her fruit not only monthly but hourly, and all her acts are for the healing and happiness of human hearts and immortal souls.

WE respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief of the world comes from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.

TRIALS.—Trials are moral ballast that often prevent our capsizing. When we have much to carry, Heaven rarely fails to fit the back to the burden. Where we have nothing to bear, we can seldom bear ourselves. The burdened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port, but the vessel without ballast is in imminent danger of not reaching it at all.

THE HOUSEWIFE.—The best housewife is the homely, contented, unambitious, unpretentious woman, who thinks of little on earth except her husband and children, and desires no greater success than to see them fed and clothed according to their means, and able to do the work and duties of their station. It will often be found that the merest drudge of a wife and mother, with an almost idiotic simplicity as to matters out of her cottage, has better results to show than clever, talking, and educated women with souls above their domestic duties.

TIDINESS.—"Tidy" women always make a good impression upon their friends. Yet a tidy woman is not necessarily extravagant. She does not dress in rich apparel, nor don gorgeous jewels—a single finger ring may be the limit of adornment in any way whatever. Tidiness consists of an ensemble of good taste, with no predominance of any special peculiarity, and is one of those virtues or possessions which seem to come of nature, just as does its opposite, slovenliness. Young men, in selecting a companion with whom they propose to travel through life, should set a right estimate on the "tidy" woman.

MOTHERS.—Napoleon, after having observed

to Madame Campan that the old system of children's education was bad, inquired what she considered wanting to make it good. "Mothers," was the reply. As women are the first, and perhaps the most influential, teachers, we must have good mothers, if we would secure good teachers. With them rests the tuition of the heart, so much more important than that of the head. Sentiment precedes intelligence. The earliest smile which responds to the maternal caress is the first lesson in the affections. Mothers were meant by nature to inspire virtue, even when they do not directly seek to teach it, and they will rarely go wrong when they follow their parental impulses.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

YELLOW soap contains about one-fourth resin. The best moulding sand is that of which each grain is a small crystal.

TARTARIC acid has been met with adulterated with as much as 60 per cent. of Epsom salts.

QUININE is found to possess, in a very marked degree, the property of preventing certain forms of decomposition, and of checking putrefaction and alcoholic fermentation.

In a fairly constructed boiler, one pound of coal will convert nine pounds of water into steam. The energy required for this is equal to that exerted in lifting 2,232 tons ten feet high.

SMALL wires, elevated at a certain height, and placed at suitable distances apart, have been found very effective in checking reverberation or echoes in large or ill-constructed buildings.

A new method of preserving meat has been discovered. It consists in dipping the joints in boiling butter, by which means the entire surface of the meat is eased and the action of putrefaction prevented.

It is stated in the *Journal of Applied Science*, that the only way to destroy the animals which infest natural history specimens is to heat them in an oven to 160 F., at which temperature all eggs would be destroyed.

In New York glass-lined iron pipes are being used to convey water. The friction is lessened, the pipes are always clean, and the water is kept pure. Between the glass and iron is a layer of plaster of Paris, which, being a non-conductor of heat, prevents the water from freezing in the winter.

PRECIOUS STONES.—The ruby is nothing more than a bit of crystallised earth colored by iron; alumina or clay, and silica or flint, form the basis of nearly all the precious stones. Opal is silica with water. Topaz contains in addition a little fluorine; the emerald and chrysolite contain glucinum, and the garnet is so ferruginous that it attracts the magnetic needle.

Most interesting discoveries concerning the parasites which infest the false hair worn by ladies, continue to be made by M. Lindeman, as we learn from the *British Medical Journal*. He terms these organisms *navicellae*, and calculates that forty-five millions of them are set free in a ball-room containing fifty ladies. They produce Bright's disease, he tells us, as well as affections of the heart and lungs.

The effect of violet light upon vegetation has been widely discussed within the past few years, and the most diverse opinions are expressed in regard to it. M. Boudrimont, in *Les Mondes*, gives an account of his experiments, the result of which was to demonstrate that all colors are unfavorable to vegetation, and none more so than violet. M. Poy's previous conclusions as to the latter color were directly the reverse of this.

A LEADEN cistern should never have the surface scrubbed, much less brightened. A leaden water cistern pipe should never be subjected to blows or unnecessarily bent, whereby any scale or crust that may have accumulated shall be removed. Experience proves that these surface incrustations, after reaching a maximum, protect the underlying metal from further corrosion. The scale matter is mostly sulphate of lead, which is innocuous.

THE MOUNTING OF MICROSCOPICAL OBJECTS.—Mr. Smith in a recent number of *Science Gossip*, states that as he has used, with great success, a solution of gum dammar in benzine—five drachms to one fluid ounce—for mounting microscopical objects which do not admit of the application of heat. One drop is allowed to fall upon the slide, the object is then put upon it and another drop added; the cover is carefully applied and pressed down, and the specimen allowed to dry; in ten days' time it may be cleaned and put in the cabinet.

PRESERVING CHARTER PAPERS.—Mr. E. H. Hoskins, of Lowell, Massachusetts, has suggested a useful and practical way of preserving and giving toughness and flexibility to chartered paper, which has proved to be of much importance in the identification and copying of valuable documents chartered by confederations such as the recent Boston and Chicago calamities. We have seen specimens of chartered paper and bank notes, thus treated, that can be handled with impunity. The printing upon the chartered bank notes can be readily discerned. The preserving process consists, we believe, in pouring collodion upon the surface of the chartered paper. The collodion forms a thin transparent film, dries in a few minutes, when the process is completed. *Scientific American*.

FAMILY MATTERS.

OATMEAL.—Once more let us urge the more extensive use of oatmeal as an article of diet; its bone and muscle producing power is equal to that of beef.

SUGAR.—Crystallised sugar should always be preferred by the consumer to uncrystallised. Impurities cannot be included with crystals; but a simple powder may have any conceivable adulterant mixed with it.

TO STEW CELERY.—Well wash some heads of celery, and cut in pieces about three inches in length; boil in veal stock till tender. To half a pint of good milk add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, a bit of lemon-peel, a little salt, and butter the size of a walnut; stir constantly, and make very hot, but not boiling. Strain over the celery.

A NEW WINTER SALAD.—Ordinary buck-wheat, such as we give to fowls, grown in a moderately warm greenhouse, and cut like mustard when about two or three inches high, makes a delicious winter salad, a combination of lettuce and corn-salad in flavor. It can be grown in pans all the year round without the least trouble, and even when lettuces are plentiful will be found a very desirable addition to the salad bowl. *The Garden*.

CROQUETTES OF AUSTRALIAN MUTTON.—Mince one pound of Australian mutton very fine, chop a quarter of a pound of suet, swell a quarter of a pound of rice till it is very soft and masmy, chop a small onion, add salt and pepper, and rub them all together till the rice is completely mixed with the meat; add an egg well beaten, mix thoroughly again, make into balls, and fry with a little parsley. This will make about fourteen good-sized croquettes. The rice combines with, and takes the flavor of, the meat, and we defy any one to detect the rice, or discover that fresh meat has not been used. Small pieces of cooked meats of different kinds can be minced together, and, if stewed with good gravy, thickened with a little fine oatmeal or flour, and flavored with vegetables, they will make a very appetising dinner, and not the most dainty eater will find any unpleasantness arise from the mixture of meats.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

AUSTRALIA and California, it is estimated, have together produced gold amounting in value to £300,000,000 since 1852.

WHILE London has about 100 persons to every 1,000 of the population of the kingdom; Lisbon, 61; Copenhagen, 59; Athens, 55; Dresden, 55; Paris, 45; Berlin, 27; Constantinople, 22; and Vienna, 14, St. Petersburg has only 7 to the 1,000.

ENGLISH RACE-HORSES.—Out of the total number of 2,473 horses on which the tax of £2.17s. per head was paid in the financial year 1871-72, as many as 2,098 came to the post during the year just closed. The largest number of horses on which this tax has been paid was in 1868-69, when owners returned 2,532; but it was in 1870 that the greatest number of animals ran—namely, 2,569. In the year 1802 only 536 horses came to the post; in 1827, 1,166; and in 1862, 1,926.

HAIR-DRESSING IN CHINA.—Unmarried women of China can always be distinguished from matrons, as the hair is allowed to fall over the back in long tresses or in the form of a queue, or caught up at the back in a simple bow, fastened with silk cord. In Canton it takes the form of a plaited tail at the back, and a fringe of hair over the forehead. After marriage it is taken up and dressed in the form of a teapot, having its handle above the head. In Swatow it is made to resemble a bird resting on the crown of the head, or of a horn bent backwards and rising from the back of the head.

VOICE OF FISHES.—At a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences, M. Charles Robin read a report on the investigations of M. Dufossé relating to the production of voice in certain fishes. The swimming-bladder appears to be the principal agent in producing voice, at least in those fishes in which that organ has an opening into the oesophagus; and even in those in which it is a shut sac it acts as a sounding-board in augmenting the sound produced by other parts. That it is not exclusively the cause of vocal sounds is shown by the circumstance that some fish are destitute of a swimming-bladder, and are yet capable of producing distinct musical sounds.

NEWSPAPERS are recommended as a substitute for blankets when one is lacking a supply of the genuine article, or desires a light warm covering on the bed. There is no doubt of the efficacy of these impromptu blankets. They have one slight objection, however—namely, the cold, rustling sound they give forth whenever the occupant of the bed stirs hand or foot. Nevertheless, it is well to know how to use newspapers in an emergency, such as being in a hotel and finding one's self chilly in the night. The papers should be spread between two of the coverings on the bed, and, if one is not restless, the result will be a warm and comfortable night; but tossings and turnings will send out into the chill night air vague, rustling sounds which will remind the nervous of long-forgotten ghost-stories.

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS.—The quantity of home-made spirits entered for consumption in

England as beverage in the first three-quarters of the year 1872 was 10,109,041 gallons, being 1,163,449 gallons more than in the corresponding period of the preceding year; in Scotland, 4,594,771 gallons, an increase of 578,741 gallons; in Ireland, 4,255,899 gallons, an increase of 331,106 gallons. The total, therefore, for the United Kingdom was 18,959,711 gallons, an increase of more than two million gallons. In the same period the following quantities of imported spirits were entered for home consumption:—Brandy, 2,815,242 proof gallons, an increase of 161,594 gallons over the quantity in the corresponding period of the preceding year; rum, 2,879,116 proof gallons, an increase of 153,886 gallons; other sorts, 503,125 proof gallons, a decrease of 265,211 gallons.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

JUST previous to the war Missouri raised 17,000 tons of hemp; at present the cultivation of this crop is almost entirely abandoned.

CAREFUL estimates prove that a horse requires for his sustenance the produce of eight times as much land as would furnish food for a man.

The value of agricultural produce imported into England during 1872 amounted to \$450,000,000, of which nearly one-half was grain of various kinds.

It is said that the disagreeable clicking noise caused by overreaching in horses will be prevented if the blacksmith in shoeing cuts off the toe or crust of the shell of the hoofs on the fore feet instead of on the hind feet as is the frequent practice.

The weights of the heaviest cattle which competed at the Birmingham show for the "butcher's premiums" for fat oxen, were as follows: Hereford, 2,387 pounds; Short-Horn, 2,506 pounds; Devon, 1,876 pounds, and a Scotch ox, 2,686 pounds.

THERE are diseases to which cows are subject which do not lessen the flow of milk for some time; yet this secretion is seriously affected in quality and is dangerous to use, and cases are on record where the milk of a sick cow is absolutely poisonous and has caused death to many children.

The economy of rapid and comfortable transit for beef cattle was recently shown at a meeting held in Manchester, England. The loss attending the driving of fatted stock on foot to market was formerly 80 pounds per head per 100 miles; now a fat bullock is taken 530 miles by rail to London with a loss of 40 pounds only.

LIVE-STOCK.—Much of the success of a farmer depends on the proper and economical management of his live-stock. We should never forget that it is live stock. We can paint an implement and stow it away until required, but our animals must have food to eat every day. They must have food enough to keep them warm and sustain the vital functions. If you do not give them enough they must live on their own fat and flesh.

WORKING oxen should be fed somewhat in proportion to their work. If possible, never feed grain or meal alone. It should be mixed with cut feed. This is far more important with oxen and cows than with horses. The horse has but one stomach, and that a small one, while the ox has four, and can eat and digest a much more bulky and less nutritious food than the horse. Grain fed alone is very apt to pass into the intestines undigested. Corn fed in the ear is better for oxen than shelled corn.

EARLY lambs for the butcher should be kept warm and dry, and pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Give them all the sliced roots, bran, and oats, or oil-cake, or corn-meal that they will eat, in a little trough separate from the ewes. Give the ewes plenty of bran, clover hay, and sliced roots, and keep them warm, dry, and comfortable. And do not forget that they need a constant supply of water. This is true of all animals, but it is more especially true of those that are giving milk.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A WORD to the wise.—Keep so.

MEN with winning ways.—Successful gamblers.

WHEN is a mother a father?—When she's a sigher (sire).

How to turn people's heads.—Come into a concert late in thick boots.

JONES, who has lately been married, says that courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blister.

"WHAT difference can a letter more or less make?" asked an imprudent married lady. A good deal, she found. It changed the heavy swell, to whom she wrote, from a correspondent into a co-respondent.

A SCOTCH peasant girl, on arriving for the first time at the turnpike gate nearest Glasgow, knocked and inquired, "Is this Glasgow?" and being answered in the affirmative, asked, "Is Peggy Macpherson in?"

MR. HYDE having married a Miss Taller, and the "fatted calf" having been killed in their honor, it gave an editor a chance to say that "it was not the first time that cattle had been killed for the Hyde and Taller."

IN AT ONE YEAR AND OUT AT THE OTHER.—Vendor of Almanacs: "Well, Mum, Almanacs

is Almanacs this year—and they'll be dearer next!"—*Old Lady*: "You don't say so! Then I'd better take half a dozen at once."

THE following is said to be a genuine dialogue which took place recently in one of the U. S. National Schools:—*Teacher to Scholar*: "What gender is mouse?" *Scholar*: "Feminine." *Teacher*: "Please give the masculine gender." *Scholar*: "Rats."

AN old lady lately visited a travelling circus. She was delighted in every respect but one. Speaking of the proprietor, she said—"He has every thing in his show that is on the bills but the hippodrome. I wonder where he keeps his hippodrome? Is it dead?"

HE COULDN'T DRINK WINE.—That was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a certain famous statesman, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. "Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman.—"Not one simple glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife.—"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady. "No," said the noble young man—and his voice trembled a little and his cheeks flushed—"I never drink wine, but"—here he straightened himself up, and his words grew firmer, "if you've got a little good old whisky, I don't mind trying a glass!"

OUR PUZZLER.

27. RIDDLE.

I am a bird well known to you;
A dainty morsel I'm thought too.
Take off my head, and then, I ween,
A different kind of bird is seen.

JESSY.

28. ENIGMA.

My house is flat, my house is small,
My house hath neither door nor wall,
But only floor and ceiling;
Yet snug and cosy here I dwell,
As mayfly in the cowslip bell,
Not one small atom feeling

Of interest in politics,
Of nations' wrongs, and statesmen's tricks,
Or changes men are seeing.
There's scarce a mortal, high or low,
That doesn't love and like me—so
I'm quite a regal being.

Yet, if they have their way, I die;
They roast and stew me, stew and fry,
Without the least compunction:
The love they feel for me the cat
May have for luckless mouse or rat—
Devouring is man's function.

I swear I've neither limbs nor head,
Yet I delight to lie in bed—
Would I could stay there too!
But men try every mortal scheme
To bring on me, when fit they deem,
The ills that I am heir to.

At Christmas, too, I and my mates
They pack in box that suffocates—
What care they for our feelings?
Our beards they pluck, our houses break,
Eat us with turkeys and rump-steak,
Like pigs potato peelings.

Could I but bite, oh, happy day!
I'd bite their fingers all away,
Or leave my mark upon 'em;
But, goodness me, alack, alack!
They run a cold steel down my back
Ere I can close upon 'em.

A. H. B.

29. CHARADE.

My first's a rural god, both musical and witty:
My second a man's name—more common far
than pretty;
My third and fourth two pronouns are we much
too often hear;
My whole I'm sure you've lately seen—it comes
with Christmas cheer.

GROUSE.

30. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

A seaport celebrated for its bay and its beggars; a town of Poland; a river of Europe; a town in the South of Ireland; a seaport town in the Holy Land celebrated for its many sieges; a Republic of South America. The initials and finals, read forwards, give the names of two countries in close proximity.

GLOUCESTER.

ANSWERS.

24. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—America, Chicago, thus: Adriatic, Methusalem, Etna, Ravallac, India, Cherbourg, Aleppo.

25. SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.	3.
TABLE	GRAND	GRACE
ABOUT	ROGUE	RATES
BOUCH	AGAIN	ATLAS
LUCRE	NUITS	PEASE
ETHER	DENSE	ESSEX

26. FEMALE NAMES HIDDEN.—Ethel, Dora, Edith, Ada, Martha, Ruth, Myra, Susan, Ida, Kate, Angelina, Theresa, Madeline, Alethea,

THE ENGAGED RING.

BY E. CLAXTON.

And so they say that I shall be
Belle of the coming ball,
Where all are bright and fair to see—
The loveliest of all.

For this they loop my costly dress,
And braid and deck my hair;
Bright flowers in the service press,
And jewels rich and rare.

Many will turn when I appear,
The vision fair to see—
Low praise be whispered in my ear,
Warm glances thrown at me.

Yet memory with a sudden pain
Comes, better thoughts to bring!
I need to look at thee again,
Thou simple little ring.

Ah! little hoop of gold and blue,
Given by Frank to me,
Meet emblem of that heart so true,
Now far beyond the sea.

And in the deep depths of my heart
A casket sure shall be,
Where gems he'll prize are kept apart—
Love, Faith, and Constancy.

HOW A LAW SUIT WAS ENDED.

Mr. Popkins was a bachelor. I mention this fact with all its due reverence for the name—and sympathy for the condition. He was well-to-do in the world, if owning a fine farm and being plaintiff in a law suit is any criterion. Aside from Mr. Popkins' misfortune in being a bachelor, he had one fault—a general aversion to female society and a particular aversion to Miss Sallie Hopkins, the defendant in the above named law suit.

Now, be it known, that though Miss Sallie's name was put down in the list of O. Mm's, (Old Maids), she was the roundest, cosiest, dimpled cheeked spinster that ever lived in Lincoln. She had the softest brown eyes with a trick of looking down and peeping under the lashes, perfectly bewildering, and her hair that waved and shone in the sunlight, in such a manner that a susceptible lady like you and I, would have felt an irresistible desire to have sole ownership of the "nut brown locks."

But, however fascinating Miss Sallie was to the sex in general, as I have said, between her and Mr. Popkins there was a deadly feud; and the cause of all the trouble was a meadow, spreading fair and wide between Miss Sallie's and Mr. Popkins' farm.

Now, the truth of the matter was this: The meadow justly belonged to Mr. Popkins, but instead of going to Miss Sallie and frankly stating the case he must serve a process of law. Miss Sallie flew all to pieces, and declared she would maintain her rights at any cost.

I am confident from the manner in which the whole thing ended, that had Mr. Popkins gone to her himself, she would have relinquished it gracefully, but a woman has a mortal horror of being forced to do anything. Tie a thread round their necks, feed them sugar plums, and you can lead them to the "jumping off place;" go to driving them, and for obstinacy, they will beat Mark Twain's mule in the Holy Land all to pieces.

When Miss Sallie met Mr. Popkins on the street, her nose was decidedly "retroussé," and Mr. Popkins looked like an automaton Cardiff giant. The neighbors were forced to take part in this case, for when invitations were issued for the regular tea-parties, those who invited Mr. Popkins were obliged to omit Miss Sallie, and vice-versa.

In the meantime the law suit "dragged its slow length along," from session to session, from term to term, until Popkins vs. Hopkins was as familiar as A, B, C. But fate had taken in hands the destiny of these two obstinate individuals, and soon brought matters to a most satisfactory conclusion, although the unconscious mediator was rather a burlesque on the "high tragedy" daily enacted.

There lived close to these belligerents, a good-natured old man, nearly as deaf as a post, who had the greatest faculty of blundering on unfortunate facts of any individual known either in ancient or modern history.

He never heard anything correctly, and it was an utter impossibility to try and explain; you would certainly find yourself floundering about in a perfect slough of despair.

Miss Sallie and Mr. Popkins had received notice that their case would come up for a final hearing, in Harrow, on the Tuesday of next week. Miss Sallie concluded to take the stage; Uncle Ben Dropper, our deaf friend, had business a little distance on the road, and he would take the stage too, and Mr. Popkins' saddle horse fell sick just as he was needed, and no time for any other arrangements, so he must take the same conveyance.

Miss Sallie came floating down to the gate with white ribbons and bows, and dainty dress, sufficient to bewilder a man with as stony a heart as the Sphinx, and saw, approaching from the opposite side, her foe in immaculate broadcloth, and shirtfront. For a moment the

color flashed to her cheek, and she half-resolved to go back, but to be outdone by a man, and he a Popkins, was not to be thought of. So she stepped in the coach with an air of sixteen Queen Victorias, elevating her head until it made an acute angle with her nose, and then became sublimely unconscious of anyone's presence. Mr. Popkins seated himself as though he had swallowed a whole foundry, and had his pockets full of eggs for desert. Just then came Uncle Ben, puffing and blowing, utterly unconscious of the oaths of the impatient "Jehu."

"Good morning, Miss Sallie," said he, carefully seating himself beside her. "Good morning, Mr. Popkins. Where might you be going, and what for?"

"To Harrow," said Mr. Popkins, in his most polite manner, answering the first question and ignoring the last.

"Du tell!" and the round face fairly glowed with placid surprise.—"Going to Marry?" Well, I told Hester last night that was the best way to settle the suit after all. There ain't a more

dulging in an occasional chuckle and knowing glance at Mr. Popkins, but at this moment he saw he had arrived at his destination, and wishing his two victims "much happiness" he left them.

The human heart is a strange affair, to say the least of it. Had any one advised Mr. Popkins to marry Miss Sallie, he would have rejected the idea immediately, and she herself would have taken it as an insult; but the totally unexpected manner in which the matter had been brought up made altogether a different affair of it. He stole a glance at Miss Sallie. Her face was still turned away, and she was apparently studying nature. She was pretty Mr. Popkins could not deny that. What if—if—and his heart gave a tremendous bound. What a fool he had been all this time! He must try at any rate, and risk a repulse. So without any more hesitation, for our hero was brave, he took Uncle Ben's seat and said quietly:

"Miss Sallie."

The face turned the eighteenth part of an inch



"GEMS HE'LL PRIZE."

capable girl anywhere than Sallie, and I am glad you've found it out. And Mr. Popkins is wonderful clever," turning to Sallie, "and instead of being two farms and a law suit, there need only be one. Law bless me!" rubbing his hands with increased satisfaction, "if it ain't a tip top arrangement!"

Mr. Popkins clutched at his throat as though he were choking to death, and made spasmodic efforts to utter a word of explanation, but his tongue seemed palsied and failed him utterly in this emergency. Miss Sallie with a face of the deepest rose color, placed her hand to her mouth and shouting, so as to startle the horses, said:

"I am going to see Mr. Stiles on business."

Oh, day of blunders! Mr. Stiles was her lawyer, but the unfortunate girl was unaware that a Presbyterian minister had the same delightful cognomen.

"Mr. Stiles, indeed," said our friend. "Well, I've heard him well spoken of, but I never expected you, Sallie, a Baptist, to be married by any one but a minister in your own church; but I suppose you gave way to Mr. Popkins, and I think it shows a downright good disposition."

Miss Sallie gave up in despair, and looked fixedly out of the window, while Mr. Popkins' lips moved occasionally, as though he were saying, "Water! water!" But the unconscious cause of this turmoil sat serene and happy, in-

towards him. Not much encouragement, but a little.

"Miss Sallie," he repeated, "I've been a fool and a brute."

Oh wise Mr. Popkins! He had started on the direct road to a woman's heart. Either from contrariness or a sense of justice they always take the opposite side. Miss S. made up her mind from this moment that he was a gentleman and a second Soldomon, and she turned her face completely round.

"Do you think," continued he, "that we can settle this law suit in the sensible manner suggested by Uncle Ben? I do love you, Miss Sallie, and by George! I believe I've loved you all the time and never knew it until to-day."

Miss Sallie was completely vanquished, and the answer, although whispered, was heard by Mr. Popkins above the noise of the wheels, and the cracking of the driver's whip.

The suit of Popkins vs. Hopkins was dismissed that day. The Baptist minister got a fee, and the people are firmly convinced that Mr. and Mrs. Popkins are the best hands in the world to keep a secret.

A disgusted Danburian wants to know, if a woman was designed to be the equal of man, why it is she can't whistle.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PIANO TRADE.

The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette makes the following revelations in connection with the piano trade of that city:—

I presume the business that pays more commissions than any other is that of making and selling pianos. In the first place each large establishment usually keeps a man to write its advertisements and look after its business relations with the press and advertising mediums generally. One manufacturer, a shrewd foreigner, is understood to employ one of the musical critics, who not only prepares pamphlets and advertisements, but devotes his criticisms as far as possible to the interests of his master. Then, most of the distinguished pianists who come here are each paid by some one of the manufacturers to toot for his piano. If you look at the programme of these piano concerts and recitals, you will generally see a line announcing "the Muggins piano is exclusively used at this concert, and recommended by Herr Ivorypounder." One pianist now in this country was brought here by a piano-maker who guaranteed forty thousand dollars for a six months' tour; and another foreign pianist, now here, has a similar guarantee of twenty thousand. It is safe to say that half the noted foreign pianists are imported by the piano-makers, and that half the rest are engaged and subsidized by the makers soon after they get here. Then, most of the concert tours are backed by the piano men, and I know several instances in which they have been directly organized by them. They may lose money on the tour itself, but they make money out of the extra sales of pianos. Then they are obliged to pay commissions to music stores and to music teachers who recommend their wares and effect sales, and frequently to persons totally unconnected with musical matters, such as upholsterers, carpenters and friends of the families where they are bought. I know an instance wherein a man who was paying attention to a young lady received two hundred and fifty dollars from a piano dealer for turning the attention of the fair one from the instrument of Stiggins to that of Wiggins. He accompanied her to the store where she made her purchase; her papa sent his cheque next morning, and in the afternoon her dear Charles Augustus called for and obtained his commission. And he is not the only society man by a long way who makes something out of the piano dealers.

Last winter the daughter of a wealthy citizen wanted a piano, and the wealthy citizen told her to select one. The house was undergoing some repairs and alterations, and the carpenters and upholsterers were at work there. Maria was taking music lessons, and appealed to her teacher for advice; the latter recommended a Muggins, and in the course of a week or so the piano was bought and sent home. The teacher was suddenly called out of town and did not visit Muggins until ten or twelve days after the purchase. When he asked for his commission Muggins told him that it was already paid.

"To whom?" was the question with emphasis of astonishment.

"To Reys & Co., upholsterers."

"What right had they to it?"

"They came here next day after the piano was sent home and said they were upholstering the house and were consulted about a piano. They recommended mine as specially adapted to the house, and said it was bought through their influence. I paid them the commission. Since then the carpenters have been here, and now you make the third applicant. I am sorry it has happened so, but take a cheque for fifty dollars, and whenever you influence another sale, let me know at once."

The music teacher was badly sold, as it afterwards turned out that Reys & Co. did not know a word about the piano till they saw it in the house. Had he been as sharp as some others he would have notified each of the piano makers, as soon as Maria broached the subject, that he was trying to sell his piano, and then, no matter whose make she selected, he would have obtained his honestly-earned commission.—PEMBROKE.

An old fellow who is noted up town for his shrewdness, as well as for his shrewdness in making a bargain, stopped at a grocery and inquired: "How m-m-many t-t-turkeys have you g-g-got?" "Eight, sir," replied the grocer. "T-t-tough or t-t-tender?" "Some are tender, and some tough," was the reply. "I k-keep b-boarders," said the new customer. "P-pick out the f-f-four t-t-toughest ones, if you p-p-p-please." The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the unusual request, and said, in his politest tones: "These are the tough ones, sir." Upon which the customer coolly put his hand upon the remaining four, and exclaimed: "I'll t-t-take th-th-these."

WHICH?—Kate Stanton, in her lecture on "The Loves of Great Men," asserts that the planets revolve around the sun by the influence of love, like a child revolves about his parent. When the writer was a boy, he used to revolve around his parent a good deal, and may have been incited thereto by love, but to an unprejudiced observer it looked powerfully like a trunk strap.—Danbury News.

THE FAVORITE is printed and published by George E. Desbarats, 1 Place d'Armes Hill, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Dominion of Canada.